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## A TRAGEDY OF THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

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FOR fifteen long years I have carried a dark secret buried in my heart, until it has worn away my life; but now that I am tottering on the brink of the grave, I am impelled to make a confession, which, tardy as it is, I hope may render more tranquil my last sad hours. The tenacious care with which I have ever guarded the knowledge of my crime is no longer necessary, for no injury can now be wrought by a disclosure which, if earlier made, would have held up my name to eternal infamy as the blackest of my sex, and brought disgrace on one of the proudest families in the land.

To those who have loved and suffered I commit the story of my wrongs and my revenge, trusting that some pity will mingle with their condemnation of the broken-hearted woman who pens these few lines almost from her death-bed.

I was the daughter and only child of a Kentucky planter, and the blood of the South flowed in my veins in an impetuous current that was ever impatient of restraint and violent under control. My kind parents had always been over-indulgent with me, allowing me to follow the guidance of every wayward caprice; the consequence was, that I grew up proud, headstrong, and self-willed, conceiving myself to be as superior a person as the flattery of the little world in which I lived would have me believe. I had never been from home, except for an occasional visit to Louisville or Lexington. My ideas of life were therefore as crude and uninformed as possible. I imagined our State the finest country on the globe, and pitied any one who was not born within its limits. But my greatest pride and glory was in that world's wonder, the Mammoth Cave. My father's plantation lay in the picturesque valley under which run its subterranean corridors, and as the entrance was but a short distance from our house, it had been so frequently

visited by me that I knew every winding of its intricate passages, and often spent whole days in wandering alone through its mysterious vaults. Perhaps some of the most wholesome lessons I had ever yet learned were in the wonder and awe and knowledge of my own insignificance, which I felt in contemplating those sublime arches and mysterious caverns.

My education had been conducted by a series of governesses, over each of whom I had successfully domineered, until I reached my seventeenth year, when the last was dismissed, and my father concluded to secure a tutor, under whom my studies might be completed. I had a long vacation; but at length a young gentleman was engaged, whose father, a Boston merchant, had failed just as his son left college, and rendered it necessary for him to seek some means of support. I was fully prepared to dislike Mr. William Beverleigh. He was a Yankee, and I had been brought up to look with contempt on the whole race — a feeling which had been by no means lessened by the few specimens of it I had seen in some petty shop-keepers in Louisville and Lexington. Long since I have realized the absurdity of this prejudice; but then, young and ignorant as I was, I thought it at least a misfortune, if not a crime, to be a native of New-England. When, therefore, the autumn evening came on when he was to arrive, I sat awaiting his coming with a feeling of languid curiosity, not doubting I should be easily able to vanquish him, as I had my meek governesses. At last we heard the light wagon, which had been sent to meet the stage, drive up to the door, and my father went out to welcome the stranger. In a few moments he returned, followed by my new tutor. I looked up at their entrance, but my glance, which had been one of supercilious indifference, changed instantly into one of wonder and admiration when it fell on a slender, graceful youth, not more than four years my senior. He had long golden hair and deep blue eyes, and was beautiful exceedingly. Yes! since that night I have travelled far and seen many different men, of various nations; but I think now as I thought then, that the sun never shone on a fairer form and face than William Beverleigh's.

From this period the whole current of my life was changed. Of course I did not suppose I could entertain any feeling but dislike toward this Yankee shop-keeper's son. Contempt was impossible, his dignity of manner forbade it. I began to try him with the same wilful obstinacy and girlish tricks I had found successful in subverting all former authority, but I soon discovered that with him such conduct was of no avail. He had a gentle calmness of demeanor, against which the impetuosity of my ungoverned temper battled in vain. It was wholly impossible to rouse him from his cold reserve. He was as self-possessed on the back of the wildest horse in my father's stables, as seated in his easy chair; and among the gay young people who sometimes visited our house, his dignified courtesy won universal respect and esteem. Toward me he was ever amiable and kind, patiently explaining my lessons,

until from very shame of my ignorance, I applied myself as I never had before, and gradually became a docile and obedient pupil. I gave up all my former wild habits, and only entered the Cave once during the whole winter, and then it was as his guide, in order that he might see and enjoy its mighty wonders.

Thus the weeks passed by like a dream, and I was happier than I had ever been before — why, I did not ask myself. My days were spent in close attention to my books. I felt that I was improving. My tutor praised me, and I wished for nothing more. But this delightful period of tranquillity was abruptly closed, and closed alas! forever. One morning, in early summer, Mr. Beverleigh informed us I would soon have a vacation, as he should be obliged to go to Boston for a month. Going away! The thought of separation from him had never occurred to me. I looked vacantly at him until I understood fully his meaning, and then rose and hastily left the room. The idea that we must part, even temporarily, was so painful to me, that it opened my eyes to the true state of my feelings. I loved him! — loved him with my whole heart and soul. He was no longer to me a ‘Yankee tutor;’ he was my object, my life, my idol! Overwhelmed with the terrible discovery, I felt that I must be alone with it. I therefore left the house and bent my steps toward my old haunt, the Cave. I walked on, feverish and excited, under the magnificent domes and low-bending arches, until I reached the first river; there I climbed to an overhanging rock and seated myself beside that inky stream, whose mysterious source and outlet are alike unknown. Nowhere do those dark waters meet the eye of man except there; deep in the bowels of the earth they flow for a few yards across the Cave, between those gray walls and under that sombre vault. The gloom around me was intense, for the feeble rays of my little lamp lighted up only a few feet and threw but a fitful gleam on the over-arching rocks and the fathomless river. I sat there all day long, listening to the low murmur of the waves, and thinking fearfully of the great love that I felt welling up in my heart toward this Northern stranger. And was all this wealth of affection, this tumult of passion, to meet with no return? Alas! alas! I felt that it had been wholly unsought. He had always been kind to me, but nothing more; no glance of admiration or tenderness had ever fallen on me from those cold blue eyes, and yet I loved him, ay, worshipped, with all the intensity of my earnest nature, this proud, reserved man.

Long hours I remained there, surrounded outwardly by the gloom of the awful cavern and inwardly full of the darker horror of my unsolicited and unrequited love. At last, faint with fatigue and want of food, I rose and wearily retraced my steps over the five rough miles that lay between me and the upper air. As I came out into the broad road which runs some distance into the Cave, once used at this point for the manufacture of saltpetre, I extinguished my lamp, for I knew that a few steps farther would bring me to day-light. Already a faint gleam around a huge pro-

jecting stone marked out the path, and I hastened my steps until I passed the last turn and came in full view of the rough arch which forms the mouth of the Cave. The gray rocks around me looked more frowning than ever, in contrast with the beautiful picture of azure and green and gold that lay framed in the dark outline of the entrance like a gleaming jewel. The tangled vines hung in luxuriant masses, forming a floating drapery of rich green on either side; beyond, the sun-light flashed dazzlingly to my dimmed eyes from every point of rock and little patch of moisture; over-head, the great trees waved in the wind that never stirs the eternal stillness of the Cave, seeming to glow with a more vivid verdure; while above all, hung the deep blue sky, clear and brilliant as a sapphire. Many times before, I had seen this same effect of the glorious light outside, but now I paused, spell-bound, for there, lying on the bank with the amber rays of the setting sun shining on his golden curls, was the hero of my thoughts.

I was roused from my gaze of absorbed admiration by his coming down to the mouth of the Cave, and calling:

‘Melissa! Melissa!’

‘Here I am,’ I cried, springing forward and eagerly seizing his hand.

He seemed somewhat surprised at my excited manner, as he said: ‘Take my arm; you look quite pale and tired. Your parents have been much alarmed, and have sent every where in search of you, but I thought you were probably here.’

As we walked home he gently reproved me for going alone into the Cave, which, as I have said, he had visited but once. I assured him there was no danger, as I was quite accustomed to spending whole days there, without a guide. I remember his reply just as he reached the house:

‘It seems to me very courageous in you to enter that gloomy cavern alone. I have never seen any thing that has so oppressed me with awe and horror as that place, and I can conceive of nothing more frightful than to be left solitary in its black vaults.’

These words sunk into my heart, and long afterward recurred to my memory with startling distinctness.

In a few days he left. How I controlled myself sufficiently to bid him a calm farewell I scarcely know. I only remember how dark the beautiful world was, when he was gone. I tried in vain to find amusement in my books, but it was only his presence and sympathy that had rendered them attractive. My greatest pleasure was in resuming my wanderings in the Cave, which had ceased so entirely since my tutor came.

At length the weary days rolled away, and Mr. Beverleigh arrived. But how my heart sank when he returned the impulsive warmth of my greeting with one of cold courtesy. Still, it was rapture to have him once more where I could see him and be with him. I studied and strove to please him, and subdued my quick temper to perfect gentleness. I became his devoted slave, hanging on his words and obeying his slightest look; but he, although

he seemed surprised and pleased at the change, was still as cold and reserved as ever. Sometimes, if he spoke to me in a tone a shade kinder than usual, I would think that perhaps pride prevented him from betraying any regard for me — he would not be thought to have endeavored to win his wealthy patron's daughter. As my love increased by daily intercourse with him, this idea grew upon me. I dared not contemplate the frightful possibility of his utter indifference, and at last convinced myself, that if he but knew that my happiness was at stake, he would forego his own pride and perhaps learn to requite my ardent affection.

It may seem surprising I should have thus forgotten all my ancient prejudices, my contempt of Northern shop-keepers, and have even been willing to overstep my maiden reserve and humble myself before this proud, cold man. But it must be remembered how deeply, how devotedly I loved. Every fibre of my being was twined around his image, and the wild tornado of passion swept down every barrier that stood between me and the attainment of his love. I was utterly reckless of every thing but this. My heart murmured his name all day long. My dreams were of him, and in his presence my soul lay sick and faint, with longing for one caress. I do not know why he never suspected my secret, but I do not think he did, for his own manner never changed; it was still the same amiable dignity as at first.

One evening in late summer we went out for a stroll through the plantation; I was studying botany, and the object of our walk was to gather flowers to illustrate the lesson of the day. We wandered on till we reached a distant wood, where the blossoms we were in search of were said to grow, but we looked for them in vain. Mr. Beverleigh, unwilling to return from an unsuccessful quest, led me farther and farther away from home, until we approached the swampy edge of Green River.

'You had better wait here, Melissa,' said he, 'it is too wet for you to venture farther, and I am sure I shall find the flowers there.'

He left me, and I retraced my steps a short distance, and spreading my shawl beneath the branches of a tree that stood on the brow of a gentle slope, at the bottom of which lay the marsh, sat down patiently to wait. How well I remember that scene! The moon, which was beginning to assert her supremacy over the dying day, and sending down a shower of pale arrows into the valley; the river, which wound between the dark trees on its banks, gleaming like molten silver, and the weird lights and shadows that played across the green slope before me.

My heart was full almost to bursting of its long pent-up passion, and when I saw my tutor, after a brief absence, coming slowly up the hill, I felt that the time had come when its tumultuous beatings could no longer be stilled. When he reached the tree, to my surprise he threw himself down beside me, saying, apologetically: 'I have had a hard tramp, and must rest a moment before we start for home.'

Then I could no longer restrain myself. I suddenly flung my

arms around his neck and concealed my face in his bosom, pouring out wild, mad words of endearment and love. The barrier once broken down, all my self-control was gone. What I said I do not know, but such eloquent passion as no woman ever uttered before, all the while straining him to my heart, and at last endeavoring to kiss his brow and lips—very pale and white they were during those few excited moments—but before I could accomplish my object and set the seal alike to my shame and my love, with a frantic struggle he freed himself from my embrace and rose to his feet.

‘Miss Melissa,’ said he, in hard, cold accents, ‘you strangely forget yourself. I do not think I have given you any reason for this singular conduct.’

Even at this I was not convinced of the utter hopelessness of my cause. I threw myself weeping at his feet, and clasping his knees, begged like a poor wretch for at least some few words of kindness and love to repay my great devotion. But my abject misery, instead of moving his compassion, only seemed to rouse his contempt. He suddenly seized me and lifted me to my feet, then loosened my clinging arms, and said, in accents of bitter scorn:

‘Have you no pride, as well as no maidenly reserve? Do you not see that I do not love you?’

I looked wildly at him for a moment, and read in those cold blue eyes and the curl of that haughty lip my hopeless doom; then, with a low moan, I turned and ran swiftly away. On, on I sped, not knowing where, so I escaped from the stony look of that marble face. I rushed over the rough fields, until I sank exhausted on the ground, and then a blessed period of utter oblivion followed.

I learned afterward that Mr. Beverleigh had hurried home as quickly as possible; but when he found, to his surprise, that I was not there, he had said that we were hunting for flowers and had separated, and he feared, as we were a long distance from the house, I might have lost my way. Immediately my alarmed parents roused the plantation, and I was found, after a brief period, by some negroes and brought home. When I was recovered from the swoon into which I had fallen, I was raving in delirium, and for days my life hung by a thread. My iron constitution, however, triumphed over the fierce fever, which at length left me weak and exhausted. The first day I was able to converse in answer to a faint question. My mother related what I have just written, and added that Mr. Beverleigh had, with my father’s approbation, accepted the post of tutor to the son of a gentleman owning a plantation some ten miles distant.

‘We thought he had better go,’ concluded my mother, ‘as his year of tuition here was nearly up, and we knew you would not be able to study for a long time to come; we were glad too, to have him gone, so that we might devote ourselves wholly to you. But tell me how you came to fall asleep in the wet grass when you know how dangerous it is at this season?’

‘As Mr. Beverleigh said,’ I replied sadly, ‘I hoped to find



flowers, in my path. I was searching for them, when suddenly every thing turned dark around me and I swooned away.'

It still seems a mystery to me how I ever regained even the small remains of my shattered health, that I at length recovered. After months of a miserable convalescence, without hope or without the wish to be well again, day by day I found myself to be slowly but surely gaining a stronger hold on that existence which had no charms for me, and from which I longed to escape. The total depression of my feelings was attributed by my relatives and friends, to my severe illness; and when I was at length able to resume my old habits, it seemed but natural that I should once more begin my solitary rambles on the hills, and wanderings in the Cave. But this was not until our brief winter was over, and the warm spring days had come again. But how different was this early summer from my last! Then I was dreaming bright dreams that I fondly hoped might be realized. Now my life was without an object and without a future. From this apathy I was roused by one more blow, the only thing which could move me, and sting me into madness again. A reliable rumor reached us that Mr. Beverleigh was engaged to Miss Minnie Haywood, the sister of his present pupil, a girl whom I knew to be a pretty, graceful fool — nothing more. I heard this with apparent indifference; but oh! how my crushed heart writhed!

Then vague thoughts of revenge presented themselves to my mind, and I wondered if by any means I could render his existence as wretched as he had made mine. Then I would try to form some plan by which I might humble this haughty man, and make him beg for mercy from me, as I had from him. This idea was my favorite one. If I could bring him to my feet by any means, how I would triumph: nor should he have more compassion at my hands, than I had received at his. Thoughts like these, but nothing more, I harbored, when an accursed accident gave me the power of a more terrible vengeance than any of which I dreamed.

One morning I prepared myself for a long day in the Cave. I walked on over the well-known path till I reached the first river. Instead of pausing there, however, I crossed in one of the flat-bottomed boats moored there for the accommodation of pleasure-parties, and went on to Echo River. There I sought out a little grotto, which the falling of some rocks had formed on its bank, and hanging my lamp from a projecting point, and wrapping myself in a shawl, I began another day of tormenting thought and black despair.

At the period of which I write, there were very few visitors to the Cave; but still occasionally in summer I was liable to interruption. The grotto where I sat, was, therefore, a favorite spot with me; for in it I was quite secure from molestation, as it was, I believe, wholly unknown, even to the guides. On this memorable day I had been there but a short time, when I was roused by the distant murmur of voices, which the reverberations of the

rocks brought to me long before I could see the lights of the approaching party. I hastened to extinguish my own lamp, for I always carried with me the means of re-lighting it, and then sat listlessly, wishing no one would ever come there to interrupt my meditations. Suddenly I heard a voice which cut me to the very heart; its accents were only too well-known. A moment after, the intruders came in view: there were only some dozen persons, and among them, arm-in-arm, were Mr. Beverleigh and his affianced bride. There was a light in his eyes, as he looked at the fair, frail thing beside him, which I had never seen there before. The very tone of his voice was softer and sweeter than I had ever heard it; and I sat peering from my little den, furious as a caged tiger, at their mutual endearments. They stood for a few moments a little apart from the rest of the group; and his devotion of manner rendered me frantic with jealous rage. They were the last to approach the boat, and he tenderly assisted her in, and was about to follow, when the guide objected, as he thought the little skiff would be over-crowded. Mr. Beverleigh stepped back, and stood alone upon the shore. One of the young men offered to wait with him, but I could see he thought the suggestion an imputation on his courage, and it was haughtily declined. So the boat slowly glided off and disappeared, with its gay party and bright lights, under the low, arching rock. He waved his farewell, and then stood looking about him, with a vague expression of uneasiness. I knew they had three-quarters of a mile to go, and the guide could scarcely return under an hour. His own words to me the day he found me in the Cave, the horror he expressed of being left there in solitude, recurred vividly to my remembrance, and yet smarting under the unintentional insult of his devotion to that girl, a plan presented itself to me by which I might have him in my power, and humble him at my feet. As soon as his friends were beyond call, I lit my lamp, and advanced from my retreat. As I came upon him, he uttered a surprised exclamation; but I greeted him very calmly, saying: 'How are you, Mr. Beverleigh?' 'Quite well, Miss Melissa. I am glad to see you are sufficiently recovered from your recent illness, to be in your old haunts once more.'

'Yes; I was sitting near when your party came up, and saw that you were left alone. I came to offer to show you a path which will lead you to the other end of the river as soon as the boat will be there. It is somewhat disagreeable, but I thought you might prefer it to remaining here.'

He hesitated a moment. I could see he thought it a strange proposal, and yet it was more to his taste than to remain there alone with me: I read that in his look, and my own purpose became more fixed. However, he thanked me, and accepted my offer, and we started on our way in silence.

Every one who has visited the Mammoth Cave knows that there is a narrow, winding path, running parallel with Echo River, though at some distance from it, which is called Purgatory, where



the rocks so hem one in on every side, that in some parts of the way it is impossible either to stand upright, or walk straight forward. Through this route, used by visitors only when the River is so high that boats can not pass under the low rocks which overhang it, I now conducted Mr. Beverleigh.

We had not walked far, nor yet reached the most dangerous part of the way, when he dropped his lamp, which went out. I took it in my hand, as if to re-light it, but without doing so, and went on a short distance, till we came to an open space, from which the point whence we started could be easily reached by several different paths. When I arrived at this spot, I paused, and standing a few feet from Mr. Beverleigh, said abruptly :

‘Do you love Minnie Haywood?’

‘I love her, and intend to marry her,’ said he firmly; though I could see he looked at me distrustfully, and endeavored to approach a step or two nearer. Quick as thought I sprang around a large rock, and extinguished my own lamp.

‘Melissa!’ cried he in a startled voice, ‘where are you? What are you going to do?’

‘I am going to leave you,’ said I; and I ran a few paces farther off, and then paused. My heart beat wildly, and I thought my moment of triumph had come. I expected he would call upon me, entreating me to return. But to my surprise, I only heard his footsteps for a moment, growing fainter and fainter, as if he himself was increasing the distance between us, and then all was still. Was it possible that his indomitable pride would not yield, even now? This mute defiance rendered me savage, and I thought with fearful satisfaction I would leave him in the awful situation in which I had placed him. Yet I paused a few moments longer, straining my ear for another sound, until the dreadful silence, which had never before oppressed me, overwhelmed me with unutterable horror. Still I seemed rooted to the spot. I would not follow him, if he would not come to me; but I stood waiting, expecting each instant to hear some sound of returning steps. But there was nothing but the profound darkness, and the eternal stillness. On a sudden, the thought struck me, that the guide might come and find me there, and I turned, and flinging away one lamp, fled blindly over the rough stones, guided only by my thorough knowledge of the place, until I was at a safe distance from the River. I then re-lit my lamp, and rapidly made my way out of the Cave. Once in the open air, I breathed more freely, but still hurried on, away from the gloomy cavern, which from that moment became to me a place of unimaginable dread.

I was soon at home. My mother looked up, surprised at my abrupt entrance, and said: ‘I thought you were going into the Cave!’

‘No!’ I replied with an instinctive desire to conceal the fact of where I had been. ‘I felt tired, and came home.’

I had only been absent some three hours, and from that day to this, no human creature ever knew that I was in the Cave at all that morning.

'I am glad you have returned,' continued my mother, 'for your father has just received news which obliges him to go to New-York, and he purposes taking us with him. He thinks change of air will benefit you.'

This information, which once would have given me the liveliest delight, now brought only a dull satisfaction that I should leave this place which I so detested, and which I feared would become insupportable to me, when my victim escaped from the living tomb in which I had engulfed him. I retired to my room, and made the excuse of a headache not to leave it all day. I felt the necessity of caution, and was determined to betray no outward emotion. I know not if I can describe my feelings at this period. Not one thought of relenting crossed my mind. I would not have reëntered the Cave for ten thousand worlds. No! his words of love for *her* rang too vividly in my recollection; and the haughty pride with which he turned away from me, was too fresh a memory. I felt a savage delight in the fright, the terror, the despair, into which I had plunged him. I knew there would be hours of searching before he could be found, and I thought of the tortures he was then enduring with positive delight. But I never dreamed of his death. No! I can truly say, that the idea of *that* never crossed my mind. I had quitted him in one of the thoroughfares of the Cave, the most likely place to be searched. When I left him there alone, I had no thought but of the dreaded hours of loneliness, which would seem like ages to him, that must elapse before he was discovered by his friends. No one, to my knowledge, had ever been entirely lost in the Cave; and I never contemplated the possibility that he would head the list of those who have perished in that awful darkness and silence.

Late in the afternoon, I heard the quick tramp of a horse, and looking out, I saw John Haywood, Minnie's brother and Mr. Beverleigh's pupil. He looked pale and frightened, and I knew his errand before I heard him call my father out into the piazza, and hastily tell him that my former tutor was lost in the Cave. In a moment, my father summoned three or four negroes, armed them with rude torches, and leaving a message for my mother, went off to join the search.

So then he was not yet found. My woman's heart began to relent, as I thought of the long hours he had been alone there, and how faint and weary he must be. I began to feel that his punishment was heavier than I intended. During the night that followed, in which no news came, I endured agonies as great as any he was then suffering. I pictured to myself his desperate struggles to regain the path, and the unendurable horror of the profound darkness around him. Then I thought if he should by any chance fall into one of the yawning pits with which the Cave abounds: and my head swam and my heart almost ceased to beat at the awful suggestion. At length the morning dawned, and my father returned quite worn out. All the household rushed to meet him, but the sad look of his kind face told us, before he spoke, that no trace of Mr. Beverleigh had yet been found. I asked a few eager questions, and

heard that the spot where I had parted from him had been searched again and again, so that there was no necessity for me to betray my dark secret, and I felt that, for my parents' sakes, it must be buried in my own breast.

I will not linger over the horrors of those next few days. At one time they found his lantern, and that renewed hope; I alone knew on how slender a foundation. Then the cap he wore was picked up; but after that, though all the neighborhood was roused to join the search, and the great cavern was illuminated as it had never been before, with the glare of a hundred torches, no farther trace was ever discovered to point out which of the many fearful dooms he might have encountered, was the fate of William Beverleigh.

A week passed, and all hope was given up, and I knew the brand of Cain was on my brow, and that I was a murderess. I had caused that man, whose life I would have saved at the sacrifice of my own, to perish by a death too frightful to contemplate. That being whom I would have surrounded with every luxury, had pillowed his dying head on the cold stones of that remorseless cavern, and had breathed out his last sigh amid its unutterable stillness and gloom. This conviction has never left me, day nor night. I have wept tears of blood to wipe out my awful crime, but all in vain. I am ever consumed by the fires of an unavailing remorse, which is burning away my life.

My dark story draws to a close, and it is well my task is almost done, for my failing strength, and trembling hand, warn me to hasten its completion.

My father took us North, and himself carried to Mr. Beverleigh's parents the news of his loss. But there were many children, and theirs was the sorrow which is softened by time, and cheered by hope. His affianced bride, on whom he had lavished the affection for which I had vainly yearned, found consolation in her widowhood in another love: and I alone mourned and wept over his memory. But all my tears were shed in secret. Outwardly I was calm, though my health failed so entirely that I did not return with my parents to Kentucky, but, by the advice of my physician, went abroad with some friends. Since that time, I have been a constant wanderer in search of health and happiness, always in vain: no other man has ever offered to fill the place of my murdered idol. I have lived a lone, sad, and unloved woman. I feel now that my hours on earth are numbered, and that the deadly disease which for years has tormented me, is about to claim its prey. Before these few lines shall reach the public eye, I shall have buried myself in a living tomb. I am going to reënter that dark Cave, the threshold of which I have not crossed for fifteen years, and there I will patiently await the coming of that death, which I hope to me will be a blessed release. The gloom and horror to which, years ago, I doomed my victim, shall be around me when I die: for I think that perhaps from amid the silent rocks which witnessed my crime, my last prayer for forgiveness will find acceptance.

## THE EXPECTED MESSENGER.

THROUGH all that long and weary day,  
Till eve stole in and took the light,  
Till twilight ushered in the night,  
The Messenger was on his way.

Restraining all our weight of wo,  
We sat within our darkened room —  
Sat waiting until he should come:  
And naught was heard save breathings low.

Our blue-eyed baby lay asleep,  
And we sat watching over her;  
For oh! that coming Messenger  
Would claim her ere the mid-night deep.

I clasped her closer to my heart;  
I gently smoothed the golden hair,  
And gently kissed the brow so fair,  
And chiselled lips, set half apart.

And one whose hand was clasping mine  
Was sitting watching there with me,  
With deep convulsive agony  
Upon his brow, in every line.

In vain to soothe our deep-felt pain  
We strove, for naught we knew could save  
Our bright-eyed baby from the grave,  
Or give her back to us again.

The weary night still wore away;  
Perhaps he will not come till morn,  
Said both our hearts with anguish torn:  
He may not come till break of day.

But list! a stirring of the air —  
There was no sound of opening door,  
Nor fall of foot-steps on the floor;  
And yet the MESSENGER was there!

O agony! we saw how on  
Our baby's heart his chilly hand  
He laid, and snapped life's trembling strand:  
And then the Messenger was gone.

We clasped the precious casket now,  
We wildly kissed the precious clay,  
And wildly kissed the tears away  
That fell upon the pure white brow!

Since then have passed — ah! many years;  
But often do we speak of her,  
And that expected Messenger,  
With bitter tears — with bitter tears!

HELEN EARLE.

*Allegheny City, Oct. 20th.*

## CONFESSIONS OF A COUNTRY EDITOR.

I WONDER if the reader of this sketch ever edited a country newspaper; one of those four-paged sheets which are always hebdomadally behind with intelligence, which has been fully digested by every body that lives every where, except in the village where your 'map of busy life' is issued?

Our mutual friend C —, after twenty-five years' superintendence of his cherished 'KNICK,' can give you some idea of what the editor of a country journal has to undergo, but not of those *petite* miseries he suffers, if he be the unfortunate publisher of his own sheet.

'JOHN SMITH, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER,' looks well, to the uninited, at the head of the 'Oaktown Bugle;' but, in reality, it is an honor without a redeeming trait, if it covers a realizing sense of personal debts, non-paying subscribers, bad writing, dough-head correspondents, dictating partisan leaders, and printers' troubles generally. Among the worst of these, are editorial 'leaders,' so called because the printer inserts *leads* between his lines of type, or because old Moneypenny *leads* you, by promises strongly resembling threats, to write them as he may suggest, without reference to your own opinions.

I once had a year's service at the business, as editor and publisher of the 'Wolftown Banner,' away out in Illinois; and I oftentimes found myself without sufficient 'rocks' to purchase a day's fodder, which as often was bought with a fulsome puff of the 'Wolftown Exchange,' at which hotel I would be thus enabled to 'achieve' a common dinner.

Then there was one annoyance which, from its continuity, became the rule, and its exceptions were but few and widely separated by time. The paper-seller did a 'cash or approved paper' business, and all the 'loose change' of the office, tightly collected, went into his pockets. More frequently, old Moneypenny was called in to give his personal security by indorsement, to keep up the regular issue; and these transactions soon led him to consider the 'Banner' as his own private property. This illusion caused him to domineer largely in the style of the politics and general course of the 'Banner.' One of the oldest settlers of the county, wealthy beyond his neighbors, the founder of the village, he became the 'Sir Oracle' of all things therein, and aspired mightily to congressional honors. Not few were the stormy articles which he wrote against opposing men and measures, and which I silently fathered as my own offspring, fearing his displeasure, much as I detested their tone and abusive personalities; for, with the privileges conferred on him by his station in life, he became a little tyrannical and garrulous with his years. Once he led me into a serious difficulty, which, while it laid me up in bed, and stopped the issue of the 'Banner' for a fortnight, ultimately redounded to

the benefit of that journal, and cancelled all the notes held against me by the paper-seller.

I had written a contemptuous notice of a public meeting of the opposition party, held on a previous evening. It disgusted me while I wrote it; but we were short of paper; the funds were low, and before my next issue, I should have to call upon Moneypenny for his valuable aid in getting a supply.

Just as I had finished the article, in came my dictator. Picking up my manuscript, he glanced over it.

'Pretty fair shot!—*very* fair! But, bless your soul, not half enough mustard and pepper in it: and you have n't done that scoundrel Meggles justice, blast him! Give me that pen: *I'll* set him up as he should be!'

So he scratched down an addition to my article, wherein Mr. Meggles, the opposition candidate for Congress, was 'set up' in a spirit and language so excessively strong and flowing that the Evil One himself might consider himself holy in comparison with the character sketched by Moneypenny. I objected to its harshness and to its 'going in' in that shape, but the curses of my wealthy *owner* soon led me to an acquiescence. The consequences, I felt, would prove disastrous, but—well, interest smothered my terrors, and 'in' it went.

I do not care to depict the sequel in detail, or the commotion the next 'Banner' created. The exasperated Meggles attacked me alone in the office, with a loaded cane-head, *pied* the standing 'forms' of the paper into a chaotic mass; poured on my prostrate form the contents of the type-cases, and left me pounded into the consistency of a jelly, and insensible.

Two weeks elapsed before I ventured from my bed-room. I found the office in the hands of my journeyman, and under the personal supervision of Moneypenny, fast assuming its quondam quietude and regularity. My dictator was there when I entered.

'Glorious!' he exclaimed, when he saw me; 'never was such a glorious action!'

I wondered what he meant. If he alluded to the fight in which I had been engaged, I could not, in my bones, feel the glory of it. If he meant the action of the types as they rattled on the floor and over my fallen form, on that memorable occasion, I still could not coincide with him. But his explanation, filled as it was with unpicked maledictions, soon enlightened me. He proposed the commencement of suit on suit in the Circuit Court against the victorious Meggles for assaults, and damages laid at fabulous figures.

In vain I remonstrated, but, too weak to argue, I succumbed to his will. Mr. Meggles was forthwith attacked, with the aid of my lawyer, on every vulnerable side. In three weeks the trials began. On the charge of assault, Mr. Meggles was fined 'one hundred dollars and costs.' On the claim for personal damages, he was mulcted in the sum of 'three hundred dollars and costs.'

Out of this windfall, I reserved the price of one coat, to replace the one demolished by my assailant, and with the balance, paid up



my paper bills in full. After that, we had, once more, a quiet spell of weather in the office.

I DISPLAYED, in fancy types at the head of the 'Wolftown Banner,' a line asserting that journal to be 'Devoted to Politics, News, and General Literature.' Of the first of these subjects I have already given my opinion and a partial experience; and the reader may judge how much I esteemed the life of a politician. However, I may as well confess that in the purlieus of Wolftown, politics were a staple article, and proved the main support of my paper.

Money-penny and the 'ins' of his party always paid or indorsed for me liberally, to keep me going, and only required, in return, the aid of the press to advocate their principles and candidates.

As for news, sometimes we had something of a local nature to communicate that might interest the world at large; but this good luck transpired very seldom. Editorials, aside from political squibs, related principally to the fact that 'Z. Jones, at the brick-store, had received a nice stock of fall and winter goods; for particulars, see advertisement;' or that 'Widow M.'s hen had emulated the goose in the size of her 'last lay;' or that 'B. Beebe's boy had nearly severed his little finger from his left hand with a new penknife, presented to him by his grandma.'

Foreign and domestic news generally ranged, in age, from seven to ten days older than in neighboring towns. We had no railroad in those days, running within forty miles of us, and our postal arrangement with Uncle Samuel precluded the possibility of obtaining a mail oftener than once a week. The time for the arrival of the mail was on Monday, and our publication-day was Saturday. The lapse of time between the two was favorable for the selecting and 'setting up' the intelligence thus received, but not at all advantageous to that freshness which adds a specific interest to general news. However, we claimed, in Wolftown, to be contented and philosophical people, so that items were greedily devoured, if they did strongly smack of maturity.

The 'general literature' department of the 'Banner' was, however, a favorite one with me. For this I selected weekly from my limited number of exchange papers, some magazine article, 'by one of our best American writers,' or an article from 'Household Words, conducted by Dickens;' a charge, by the way, of which he is about as innocent as is the barn-yard chicken unfledged.

Then I used, every month, to borrow 'Godey's of Mrs. Money-penny, the only subscriber to that delectable but effeminate concern in all Wolftown. From this I would copy, in about six weeks, the entire contents, fashions and all, but, of course, without the illustrations.

Think not that Wolftown was without its literary aspirants, or the 'Banner' unfavored with contributions from pens more prolific than blessed with genius. Far different the case, I assure you. Some few of these favors attained to the dignity of print; but my

office-stove oftener became the receptacle of 'thoughts that burned and words that breathed.' I once made a calculation upon the number of 'Essays' written on the respective literary characters of William Shakspeare, Esq., and George Gordon Lord Byron, both of some poetical celebrity in times past. I think, now, I was favored within ten months with one dozen of each. Of this number I was cruel enough to burn all but one, and that treated of Lord Byron. It was judiciously written, and expressed the most sensible views of 'the literary meteor' that I had ever met with. It came chirographed in a bold, free hand, which I failed to recognize, and was, either by oversight or excessive modesty on the part of the contributor, entirely anonymous. I handed it to the compositor, wrote a commendatory notice of it, gave it to the world in the 'Banner,' and discovered, within a fortnight, that I had, unwittingly, published one of the best articles in Tuckerman's 'Thoughts on the Poets.'

I used to receive, on an average, about ten 'original 'pomes' every week from our village poets, accompanied by request to publish them, 'willy nilly.'

Now I have always borne the character of an accommodating, generous fellow, among those who know me best; but I have been stigmatized by the literary crowd of Woltown, as a 'conceited, crabbed, consummate, confounded fool'—and why? Only because I could never find genius or common-sense, or poetry, in the rhymed effusions of 'Fanny Flowerleaf,' 'Wilhelmina Willow,' 'Frank Firleaf,' or 'Getty Greenleaf.' These four never failed to send me, at first, from one to six 'pomes' every week, which, like the Phoenix, (not John,) seemed to spring from their own ashes in my stove, so very similar were they to their predecessors. They all harped on the same themes—love and death, usually—and, bearing the same general features, reminded me, by their similarity, of a bundle of quills. In all I was informed that:

'In death we all must die;  
Forever leave the earth;  
In the cold ground must lie;  
And wait our spiritual birth.'

'I TELL thee, thou fair one, I love thee!  
Forever thou 'lt find me thy slave:  
Oh! smile, like the heaven above thee,  
On thy lover, and say thou wilt *have*,  
Or he fain will lie down in his grave.'

Had I been a veritable disciple of Old Epicurus, their constant and vivid pictures of mortality held so unremittingly and *originally* before my eyes, must have forced me to renounce my comfortable creed, and devote myself to an ascetic and anchorite life. My mode of escape was by 'deferring' the publication of these poetic *morceaux*, on account of 'the crowded state of our columns,' to some indefinite period; and then allowing the manuscript to be

*accidentally* mislaid, at the same time expressing my regret that the world had lost so much of poesy by our carelessness.

I found it necessary, often by severity, to check the *cacoethes scribendi* of some few annoying ones, who, undiscouraged by my hints expressed in 'Notices to Correspondents,' continued to bore me, week after week, with their precious effusions. As a sample, the following were applied to two of the most persistent:

'Triticus will excuse us if we most positively refuse to print any of his balderdash. His 'Byron a Philosopher' is an effusion, aside from its abominable orthography, too obtuse for our understanding, and diffused over too much paper to convey his idea, if he had one to commence with. Byron was a good poet, but too hot-headed for a sound philosopher, and any such writer as Triticus must write himself an ass, ere he can convince us to the contrary.'

'Fanny Fairlocks' can do better by assisting her invalid mother at home than by copying a whole page of Tennyson, and sending it to us for publication as original. We trust that for her own sake she may quit putting her pen to paper for the press, and eventually become a good wife and mother, for which station of life she was evidently intended by Nature. As for poetry, dear young lady, cherish it in your heart as long as you can, but do not dream yourself a poet, or descend to despicable plagiarism.'

Most generally, these 'first-rate notices' of mine would prove conclusive, and abate that particular nuisance. If the scribbler still continued to send his manuscripts to me, I kindled my fire with them, and merely mentioned *that* fact in my 'next,' connected with the real name of the contributor, and that would finish his attempts upon my literary department.

Had I continued to publish the 'Banner' for another year, I think I should have demolished the literary ambition of seven-eighths of the aspiring crowd with whom I labored. In fact, I was already considered a rural Macaulay in my critical notices; when an event occurred that dissolved my connection with the country press, as 'Editor and Publisher,' forever.

I had locked up the office one wintry night, and sought my lodgings in the Wolfstown Hotel. My only journeyman and the 'devil' had also retired in peace to the bosoms of their families at an early hour. I was lying awake, dreaming of 'ways and means' to procure more paper, being at that juncture as penniless as before my encounter with Meggles. Suddenly I was startled by the cry of 'Fire!' Hastily dressing, I issued forth, as did every other soul in the hotel, to discover the seat of conflagration. I can hardly express the peculiar state of my feelings, when I discovered the 'Banner Office' entirely enveloped in a mass of flame. I did not, like Nero, indulge in violin practice, nor, like that *other* artist, sit calmly down and sketch the scene while the fire destroyed his house. No! I rushed to the spot, arriving just in time to see roof, walls, chimney, press, types, and ink-keg, fall simultaneously into the cellar, and become a fiery altar of destruction. I had no

insurance, and there was no help needed, after that, to ruin me. I went home a poor man ; but with a strange sense of relief from a clogging weight. Money-penny offered, the next morning, to set me going again in a new office, with new material of his own ; but I respectfully begged the privilege of firmly declining.

My brother and I concluded that we would leave Woltown forever, and seek our fortunes elsewhere. We struck out a new line of business, in the next town.

We went to work digging wells. In three years we have dug fifty of those conveniences. We make a good thing of it. We get good pay ; and although it is hard work most of the time, yet I like it better than editing and publishing a country newspaper. It is not attended with so many difficulties.

'Truth,' it is said, 'lies in the bottom of a well.' Brother and I have frequently found it there. We think we never found it so largely in Woltown ! Good night !

# L I N E S : T H E W I N D .

BY E. A. OAKES

I.

O WIND ! your sweet breath on my cheek  
Is harsher than December's rain :  
It wakes a grief no tongue can speak,  
It wakes anew a nameless pain.

II.

You blow the rose-scent in my face :  
You bend the tall grass in your glee ;  
And kiss the lily with rare grace,  
But wake in me drear misery.

III.

I hear you tramping through the wood :  
The dead leaves rustle 'neath your feet ;  
And by the beach I pause and brood,  
On days when dead leaves rustled sweet.

IV.

For then her small feet, through the wold,  
Rustled the dead leaves as she came  
Unto the beach, where manifold  
The jasmine twines its clots of flame.

V.

I watch the pansies struggling up  
Atween the dead leaves' crispy gold :  
O bliss ! thus MEMORY lifts her cup  
From out my heart's drear blight and  
mould.

VI.

And down the path, behind the trees,  
She comes as she came long ago ;  
Her soft robes in the thymy breeze —  
I see them flutter to-and-fro.

VII.

I wait to hear her call my name,  
In tones her loving welcome speaks,  
And watch to see the maiden shame  
Go crimsoning her rare pale cheeks.

VIII.

O heart ! be still ! the fluttering dress —  
The loving words you long to hear,  
Will never come again to bless,  
Though still you wait from year to year.

## The Lessons of Crime:

OR, SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN AMERICAN 'EXPERT.'

WHEN the writer of these pages was yet a boy, he came across the extraordinary Narrative which it is intended shall here forcibly and faithfully be portrayed. Except the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' of Bunyan, the Adventures of Captain JAMES RILEY, on Sea and Land, and Roderick Random, by Smollet, it was the *only* book he had ever encountered, save his few school-books, and the 'Book of Books,' the BIBLE.

It made a strong impression upon his youthful mind, which, unlike many other youthful impressions, has never faded in after life, but seems rather to have increased with years. It is one of the great *Lessons of Crime, and its Retribution*, which once read, can never be obliterated. There was so much of romance, too, about the incidents recorded — such terrible visitations of punishment upon the performer of the guilty acts recorded — that the lesson proved a *good* one; and we venture to say, that its perusal may have deterred thousands from crime.

We shall begin with the history, or narrative of STEPHEN BURROUGHS, at the time he was a mere boy, residing with his father, a Presbyterian clergyman, in the town of Coventry, New-Hampshire. 'Even as a boy,' he himself declares, 'I became the terror of the people where I lived, and all were unanimous in declaring, that 'Stephen Burroughs was the worst boy in town, and those who could get him whipped were most worthy of esteem.'

Although his father, as we have said, was a Presbyterian, and he was educated in all the rigor of that order, yet his thirst for vicious jokes, and sinful 'fun,' as he terms it, was insatiable. Among other things, he was fond of pestering his superiors in age, particularly if they chanced to have reproved him for his misdeeds, or informed his father of his derelictions. An instance of this, (accompanied by many other juvenile tricks of a similar character,) is interesting, as showing how even such small occurrences had a decided influence upon the character which he afterward sustained, and in directing the course of his eventful life:

'A NEIGHBOR of my father's, an old man, had a fine yard of water-melons, which had been purloined by somebody, for three or four succeeding nights. The old man being of a hasty, petulant disposition, was determined to watch his water-melons with a club, and severely beat the thief. One night he took his stand in a convenient place for watching, unknown to any one. Accident made me acquainted with the old man's situation; and suspecting his intention, I went to a son of his, a young man of about twenty, and told him I saw a man in the water-melon yard, whom I suspected to be the thief; and advised him to go cautiously to the yard, and peradventure he might catch him. Accordingly the young man went; but no sooner had he got into the yard, than the old man, supposing this to be the thief, rushed from his hiding-place, and attacked his son with his club, and severely handled the poor fellow, before he found out his mistake. The son supposing the thief was beating him, bawled out to his father,

who he expected was at the house : ' Murder ! father ! father ! murder ! murder ! This scene of merriment I enjoyed to the full, but soon paid for it. The plot being discovered, and the agent who set this machine in motion, clearly detected, complaint was made ; and I tasted of the same food I had so ingeniously cooked for the old man's son.'

Thus early did retribution, even for juvenile offences, begin to overtake the young offender.

Young Burroughs, albeit a lad, had the military ardor strong upon him. ' Guy, Earl of Warwick,' he tells us, was his especial favorite, and he ' longed to tread the stage on which he had exhibited. I often viewed myself,' he says, ' at the head of armies, rushing with impetuosity into the thickest of the struggle of contending hosts.' With these romantic ideas of military prowess, the reader will not be surprised to learn, that in the year 1779, he ran away from his father, at the age of fourteen years, against his express commands, and in the spring enlisted in the regiment of the gallant Colonel Hagen, at that time stationed near Hanover. He was marched from there to West-Point, but without meeting with any occurrences worth relating.

When the regiment had arrived on the North River, however, they were constantly alarmed by the enemy, and had a number of skirmishes with them. At such times, young Burroughs was always kept back with the baggage, and never suffered to go into action, notwithstanding his earnest entreaties to be permitted to do so. This cooled his military ardor — ' filled him with mortification and chagrin ;' and he soon after deserted, and returned to his father.

The kind, good old man immediately wrote a touching letter to General WASHINGTON, asking for his wayward son's discharge, regularly, from the service. Parts of this letter are very touching :

' As a sovereign God has, not long since, deprived me of four children, and has left me but two to survive their death ; and as this son is a lad so much under the age that is commonly deemed necessary to constitute a soldier fit for the service, and I had ever designed him for a public education, your Excellency will please to indulge my request, that he may be regularly discharged from the service. Though I have the cause of America sincerely at heart, and ever have, and trust I ever shall, exert myself to the utmost of my ability in its behalf ; yet your Excellency will not wonder at any degree of reluctance in me, against my son's engaging in the service, under my present circumstances. Your Excellency will please to signify your pleasure by the bearer, and due obedience shall be rendered to your commands, with cheerfulness. With daily prayers that the God of armies will be your shield and friend, and honor your Excellency as an instrument of complete salvation and deliverance to the United States of America, I am your Excellency's obedient servant,' etc.

As during the time his son was in the army, he had never passed muster, nor drawn any money or clothing, he was at once discharged, at his afflicted father's request.

We next hear of young Stephen at Coventry, *Connecticut*, under the charge of Rev. Joseph Huntington, then celebrated throughout New-England as an instructor of youth, of the very highest order. Here, again, we find the young reprobate engaged at his



old tricks, one of which was this 'practical joke' upon some neighbor who had offended him :

'ONE night we repaired to his house, and took logs from his wood-pile, about two feet in length, and piled them up against the door until they reached the top, laying them in such a manner as to incline into the house. After arranging matters in this order, we made a noise as if attempting to get into the old man's garden, sufficiently loud for him to hear; immediately upon this, the old man crept softly to the door, and opening it suddenly, down came the logs, so rapidly as to knock him to the floor, and cover him over. The noise which this made alarmed the family universally, with an idea that they felt the shock of an earthquake, and that the Last Judgment had arrived, which set some a-screaming, and some a-praying; and for a long time, these ideas so wholly occupied the minds of the family, that the old man could not get any assistance from the load of timber under which he was buried.'

Burroughs was suspected: but as he was seen to go to bed that night, and found in bed when the complaint was made to Mr. Huntington, he escaped 'scot-free.' He did not succeed so well on another occasion with the same victim; for he was pursued in the dark, caught by his coat-tail, which was torn off, and although his enemy was thrown into a deep and muddy ditch, he took the coat-tail with him, and bore it in triumph to the boy's master: in connection with his pupil's mutilated garment, it was deemed something more than merely 'collateral' testimony.

The young scape-grace varied such pranks as the foregoing, by turning over out-houses in the night, mounting and riding poor old horses through the streets, full tilt, without saddle or bridle, for which his devoted preceptor had to pay roundly, etc., etc.

Having left the school at Coventry, Burroughs enters the college at Dartmouth, New-Hampshire, where his peculiar reputation had preceded him; which led to his being courted by lovers of wild college-fun on the one hand, and suspected and watched on the other. He complains of having been placed at board with a sour, morose, suspicious, watchful clergyman — a rigid enthusiast, who understood nothing of human nature. In revenge for the efforts of this minister to make him submissive and humble, the student plays upon him 'tricks' of the same practical character which had distinguished him at Coventry. Several of these are related, some of which are very amusing, but we pass them by. His *cunning* was shown in avoiding discovery, almost always; as in the case of stealing at night a quantity of water-melons from a neighboring farmer, who kept them for sale. He was traced (as he discovered by overhearing an informer mention the circumstance to a tutor) to his room in college with the fruit. But he outwitted them all: for he rose early in the morning, went to the farmer, told him what he had done the night before, and paid him liberally for all he had taken. His triumph was complete, when, after being arraigned before the congregated authorities, amidst the sneers of the informer and his other enemies, the tables were so adroitly turned. Soon after this, and being 'disgusted' with the rigid regulations of the college, he 'left' it clandestinely, and returned to his father's once more, a disgraced student.

But here he did not long remain. At a little over the age of seventeen years, he left his father's house again, and directed his course to 'Newburyport, a small sea-port town in Massachusetts,' where many small vessels were fitted out for privateering. It was in the month of November: the season had become advanced, the snow was falling thickly, and to crown all his troubles, he was unable, after night-fall, to find his way through the dense woods. His horse had given out, he was 'sorely worn with fatigue and black thoughts;' and it was not until twelve o'clock at night that a dim light in the distance told him that a friendly shelter was near; a log hut, built in the very depth of the forest; a fire in the middle, the smoke of which eddied up through a hole in the roof. Asking how far it was to a tavern, he was informed that *that* was the tavern, and the only one kept in all the near region round about. He slept two hours 'upon a hard bed, after a harder supper,' and then 'put out' before day-light; arriving at length (whether late or early, he does not tell us) where was better 'entertainment for man and horse.'

Young Burroughs, arrived at Newburyport, sold his horse, saddle and bridle, and with the proceeds prepared himself for sea. Finding no privateers in port, he sailed in a packet which had a letter-of-marque to France. Having some knowledge of medicine, with the assistance of an old practitioner, who marked his medicines in the proper way for him, he entered the vessel as 'ship's physician.' Sea-sickness prostrated him till he reached the Island of Sable, where they went ashore. It was a dreary, barren place, with nothing to eat or to drink; and according to the sailors there, 'the abode of spirits and hobgoblins.' It was worse than sea-sickness.

With various adventures — now running after 'prizes,' which turned out after all to be American privateers — they at last fell in with a sail which promised something. She was a 'lugger,' showed no colors, and answered the American's hail in French. *She* had twelve six-pounders; the American carried 'eighteen guns;' but 'unfortunately the Thirteen Stripes waved over ten that were only of *wood*!' It was an Englishman in disguise, but the trick did not tell; there was a sharp conflict, in which Burroughs played a conspicuous part, as appears from documents; and the result was entirely in the American's favor. Forty guineas of prize-money to each, made them all quite satisfied with *their* share of the day's achievement.

Soon after, the brig sailed for America, and became becalmed off the Western Isles. At Saint Michael's young Burroughs saw the *impalement* of a Portuguese: a poor fellow tied to a cannon, and 'a man standing by with a stake sharpened at one end, which was driven into his body until it came out at the shoulder;' his shrieks and groans of agony filling all the air, and lingering for years after in the hearer's memory and imagination.

The 'good time coming' toward the *other* side of the Atlantic, was changed in returning. Our hero had quarrels with new and

inhumane officers; was ill-treated, kicked, cuffed and beaten; and was glad to arrive once more at Newburyport. Young Burroughs returned to his father's house, where he remained for the space of about one year; at the end of which time he commenced a school at Haverhill, Massachusetts. But *here*, also, a reputation had preceded him, which, in the hands of an old enemy, kept all the children from his school. 'With indignation,' he says, 'I quitted them and the school.' Then he took another, in a town eighteen miles farther off, which he became thoroughly *established* in before his old enemy heard of it; so that all subsequent efforts for his overthrow were ineffectual.

In the management of this school he was entirely successful; but on his return to his father's house, he joined some reckless lads in stealing a bee-hive, which they took to the college, and regaled themselves with its delicious contents. This did not escape discovery. The culprits were arrested, young Burroughs among the number; and they were about to be made a public example of, before the town; but a certain supposed widow, young and beautiful, whom young Stephen had been inveigling into his toils, was surprised, in common with her paramour, by the husband, who, after a long absence, suddenly appeared upon the scene.

Again 'wearied with life,' a life of incipient crime, he returns once more to his father's house, 'makes some small arrangements,' and leaves the country, with little cash, and small chance of honestly making more.

And now commence the more important 'Lessons,' which give the title to this veritable history.

*Some* business the young scapegrace must engage in. What shall it be? The law was too expensive, and its study would occupy too much time. Beside which, he had 'conscientious scruples' concerning the profession! He was too honest to become a lawyer! But there was *one* thing that he *could* do; he, a stranger, moneyless and friendless, 'with but a single 'pistareen' in his pocket' — *he could preach!* His previous character was somewhat against him, certainly: so was his present *dress*, which 'consisted of a light gray coat, with silver-plated buttons, green vest, and red velvet breeches! A pretty garb for a preacher: and he with no means to obtain another suit.

These weighty difficulties did not dissuade him from his first purpose. He would change his name, and offer himself to preach where he was not known — at some distance off, where he would be beyond the chance and danger of recognition. For his dress, he must make the best of it he could, since it could not be altered at present. Nor was it an insurmountable obstacle. Even if he failed in a first attempt, he had resolved not to be discouraged: he would '*repeat* the trial, until he *had* succeeded.'

Having held this parley with himself, he proceeded to execute his plan. He at once exchanged his horse for another much worse, and received three dollars for the difference. This furnished him with money for his immediate expenses in travelling.

He pursued his course down the Connecticut River about one hundred and fifty miles, when he thought he had travelled far enough to commence operations. Hearing of a place called Ludlow, where they were in want of a minister, he went there. It was on a Saturday. He stopped at 'the house of one Fuller,' a landlord, and a deacon of the church in which he was to preach.

Introducing himself, he soon received an invitation to officiate the next day. 'You will conclude,' says Burroughs, 'readily, that I did not refuse this invitation.' The greatest obstacle was now surmounted: he was 'fairly introduced into the ministerial function.' His thoughts at this moment, are well and forcibly expressed in his own language:

'AFTER I had composed my mind sufficiently for reflection, I began to consider under what situation my affairs now stood, and what was to be done under present circumstances. I had engaged to preach on the morrow. I had almost forgotten to tell you that my name here was DAVIS. People had been notified that a sermon would be delivered: this business I never had attempted. It is true, the study of Divinity had come under my attention, together with every other subject of common concern, in a cursory manner. I concluded that sermonizing would not be so difficult as the other exercises of public worship. Many disagreeable possibilities arose into view. 'What,' said I, 'would be my feelings, should I make some egregious blunder in travelling this unbeaten road? I must be exposed to the mortifying consideration of being observed by a whole assembly, in this ridiculous essay to preach, and not be able to carry my attempt into execution; and all these things possibly may happen.' These considerations made so dismal an appearance, that I once concluded to get up, take my horse privately out of the stable, and depart, rather than run the risk of the dangers which were before me. But upon more mature reflection, I found the hard hand of Necessity compelled me to stay. When I awoke the next morning, my heart beat with anxious palpitation for the issue of the day. I considered this as the most important scene of my life: that, in a great measure, my future happiness or wretchedness depended on my conduct through this day. The time for assembling approached. I saw that people began to come together. My feelings were all in arms against me: my heart leaped almost into my mouth!'

These feelings, however, he conquered. When the time came, he 'fortified his countenance, and set out with his Bible and Psalm-book under his arm' — the only *insignia* of the clergyman about him: his singular style of clerical dress naturally exciting much remark. 'I could not persuade myself to raise my eyes from the ground,' he writes, 'until I had ascended the pulpit.'

Here he sat for a few moments in silence, collecting resolution for the effort to begin. He made the attempt. He found his voice at his full command: his anxiety was hushed in a moment; his perturbation entirely subsided; and he 'felt all the serenity of a calm summer's morning.' He went through the exercises of the forenoon without the slightest difficulty. 'No monarch on his throne,' he records, 'could have achieved a greater triumph.'

During the intermission, however, he heard whispers in swift circulation among the people, which annoyed him not a little: such as:

'Who is he, Deacon? He is a smart man, I should say, and evangelical: but what does he wear such strange clothes for?'

'Do n't know,' answered the Deacon; 'but we do n't want a

minister for his *clothes*. Is the *sermon* good? — that's the main p'int.'

But the consultations among the leading members of the society, gathered in little knots under the trees about the church, resulted, it appeared, in the conclusion not to hire him. This information was distinctly but courteously conveyed to him, after the afternoon service, by his landlord, who advised him (having been a little disappointed himself, that his distinguished clerical guest had not 'received a call') to make application to a Mr. Baldwin, a minister at Palmer, a town twenty miles distant, for a knowledge of, and an introduction to, vacancies for a ministry. He does so: and Mr. Baldwin, after examining him in orthodoxy, and scrutinizing his ministerial garb rather closely, is at last satisfied, and gives him a letter to one Deacon Gray, at Pelham, eighteen miles farther on. Here he is hired for four Sabbaths, at five dollars a Sabbath: not a large price, as 'ministers go' now-a-days; but as the old Indian preacher said: 'Poor pay, poor preach.'

The town of Pelham was settled with the 'straitest sect' of New-England Presbyterians, very orthodox, very critical upon ministers; and when once disturbed, violent and overbearing in their passions and their opinions. They had 'called' and discharged several clergymen, and with the last two had had almost pitched battles.

After his first two Sabbaths, young Burroughs had borrowed enough to add to his 'salary' wherewith to endow himself with a habit suited to his calling. After the four Sabbaths were over, they engaged him for sixteen more.

One day he was called upon, in a private house, to preach a funeral sermon. The notes of this sermon, as of the others, were those of his father's old sermons, which he had taken with him from home. In the pulpit, it was all well enough; but being in a private house, the faded manuscript was *overlooked*: suspicions were excited; he was called upon to explain; and confessed ingenuously, that being suddenly called upon, and having no time to prepare a discourse, he had used the sermon of another person, an aged evangelical friend, rather than refuse to preach. But the suspicion was not allayed, that 'Mr. Davis' was preaching somebody else's sermons; and it was determined to *test him*, on short notice. So one Saturday morning, he was waited upon by one of the suspicious deacons, and requested to deliver, the next morning, a sermon from the first clause of the fifth verse of the ninth chapter of Joshua:

*'Old shoes, and clouted on their feet.'*

He promised to do it: but the study of it was at first rather unpromising: at length, however, the matter 'opened upon his mind,' and he conceived, and delivered the next morning, the discourse; which, for ingenuity and adaptation, is a very remarkable production. The synopsis which he gives of it is as follows:

'In handling this discourse, the exordium consisted of a description of the Gibeonites: the duplicity which they practised upon the Jews: the nature and



general tendency of deceit, etc. After I had gone through with the introduction, I divided my discourse into three general heads, namely, to consider in the first place, of '*Shoes*;' secondly, of '*Old Shoes*;' and thirdly, of '*Clouted Shoes*.' In treating of the first general head, namely, shoes, I considered them in a metaphorical sense, as showing our mode of conduct in life. We are all, said I, sojourners in this world, but for a season, travelling to another country, to which we shall, ere long, arrive: we must all be shod, in order to enable us to travel the road before us. We find the good man represented as having his 'feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.' All mankind are in a state of motion; none remain inactive on this stage of probation; all are moving forward with rapidity, and hastening to their final end. Not only the natural world, but likewise the mental, is filled with briars and thorns, stone, and rubbish, which wound us at every step, when we are not shod to guard us from those injuries, we should otherwise receive from those impediments. Mankind, finding this to be the case, have immediate recourse to such coverings for their feet, as they imagine will protect them from the injuries to which they are exposed, etc., etc.

'In treating the second head, namely, of old shoes, I endeavored to show, that they represented those 'who had been hewing to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, which can hold no water.' We find, said I, from the earliest ages of the world, mankind practising upon that system. They have continued ever since to tread in the steps of their predecessors, and to wear the same old shoes. The old shoes represent old sins, which mankind have made use of from old times, down to the present day. And would to God, they had been worn until mankind had been ashamed of them. A spirit of jealousy and discord, perhaps, may be accounted as old as any shoes now worn. How soon after the creation do we find this same destructive principle raging in the little family which then composed the whole human race. Murder was the consequence; revenge and hatred were perpetuated by it. Now I am possessed with this accursed passion, said CAIN, 'whoever shall find me, shall slay me.' The direful influence of this passion spreads its dismal effects among all mankind, when it once prevails. SOLOMON, viewing the operation of this principle upon the human heart, says: 'Jealousy is more cruel than the grave.' It deluges countries, destroys societies, and renders man hateful to man. All civil and religious bodies are destroyed, when once this hateful monster is allowed an entrance. Ministers and people, parents and children, husbands and wives, fall a sacrifice to the influence of 'jealousy, that green-eyed monster, which makes the meat it feeds on.' Therefore, we be to that people who cherish the seeds of jealousy, or practise after her counsels, etc., etc.

'In considering the last general head, namely, of clouted shoes, I observed that those who wore those old shoes, and practised upon a system of jealousy, were sensible of its odious and hateful nature, and, of consequence, ashamed to be seen by God, man, or the devil; nay, they were ashamed to be seen by themselves; therefore, they had recourse to patching and clouting themselves over with false and feigned pretences, to hide their shame and disgrace. This vice has been considered, by all wise men, as the most destructive to human felicity, and the least excusable and most unreasonable, of any passion incident to the human heart. It is a passion which debases the human character to its lowest ebb, as says a noted author: 'Where I see a jealous people, I expect, likewise, to see every thing base and sordid among them.'

'Look around, my hearers, and judge for yourselves; whenever you have felt this first-born son of hell triumphing in your bosoms, how soon has joy and comfort fled from your hearts? how soon has this doleful monster turned all the sweets of life into wormwood and gall? etc., etc.

'I concluded this discourse by an application of the subject, after the following manner: My hearers, where shall I apply this doctrine? Is it calculated for a people only at some great distance? Can we not bring it home, even to our own doors? Search and see. Try yourselves by the sanctuary, and if there your garments are not washed in innocence, you will find, 'Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin,' written on your walls. Will you suffer this hateful monster to rage among you? Will you wear these old, filthy, clouted shoes any longer? Will you not rather put on that 'charity which endureth all things, which hopeth all things?' Will you not rather be 'shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace?' etc., etc.



This sermon satisfied his congregation of his ability as a sermon-izer : but, unfortunately, there was one of his hearers who had known him and his pranks in Coventry ; and he felt quite confident his identity had been discovered. He was right in his conjecture, as he found by throwing himself in his way on the following day. He frankly told him all, and entreated him not to expose him, at a time when he had changed his course of life, and was, he hoped, engaged in doing good.

In the mean time, it must be premised, that the pseudo-minister had formed an acquaintance with a man of ' fine information, manners,' etc., with whom and his ' amiable family ' he became very intimate. One day this ' most agreeable man ' tells him of a person in an adjoining town, ' a money-maker, known throughout all New-England as having the art of transmuting copper into silver, which would stand the test of the severest assay.' He becomes ' interested in the experiments,' and accompanies his friend, who is an accomplice, to the workshop of *the counterfeiters*. The experiments were performed : every thing was ' fair and above-board,' (of course !) and Burroughs returned to Pelham, having promised to enter the business, in which he saw, in his imagination, a splendid fortune already made. The gang concluded to charter a vessel, load her with copper, coal, provisions, etc., and retire to the Isle of Sable, where they could pursue their plans uninterrupted.

Such was the state of affairs when it was discovered by several persons who had known him in Coventry and elsewhere, that Mr. Davis was an impostor, and something worse, and he was compelled to take a horse and leave the house of his landlord in the night, the last before the conclusion of his ministerial contract. He says :

' THE next morning Mr. DAVIS was not to be found. My landlord was almost frantic with surprise and grief. The town was alarmed, and suddenly was all in a flame. About eleven o'clock p.m., a man came from Belchertown with information respecting the character who had exhibited among them as a preacher : this blew the flame into a ten-fold rage. No pen can describe the uproar there was in the town of Pelham. They mounted hue-and-cries after me in every direction, with orders to spare not horse-flesh. They perambulated the town, and anxiously asked every one for some circumstance which would lead to a discovery where I was. All this took place while I lay snug in the corner, observing their operations. In holding a consultation upon these disagreeable matters, every one was anxious to clear himself of being the dupe to my artifice as much as possible. ' I never liked him,' says one. ' I always thought there was something suspicious about him,' says another. ' He ever had a very deceitful look,' says a third. In fine, it had come to this, that not one now could discern any thing which ever appeared good or commendable about me, except one good old lady, who said : ' Well, I hope they will catch him, and bring him back among us, and we will make him a good man, and keep him for our preacher.' '

He escapes, however, and takes refuge in the town of Rutland, Mass., where he is pursued by the Pelhamites : arrested as a swindler : he places himself in a room in the second story, and locks the door. His luck at escaping holds good as yet :

' WHEN they came after me, they found my door locked, and immediately determined to break it open. They sent some of their number after an axe. Hear-

ing this, I jumped out of the window, on to the horse-shed, and off that on to the ground, close by those who were after the axe.

'Coming so suddenly among them, they had not time to recollect themselves, so as to know what this meant, till I had run the distance of twenty rods, when they started after me; but one of their number much exceeded the rest in swift-ness, so that in running sixty rods, he was twenty rods before the others. By this time I was out of breath by running, and coming to a high wall, made of small stones, I jumped over it, and sat down behind it, by a tree standing against the wall. I took a stone in my hand as I went over, intending to knock down the foremost man, when he came up to me, which I supposed would be easy to do, as I should take him by surprise, and execute my plan before he could defend himself; after this should be performed, I could easily out-run the rest, as I should by this time be rested and be forward of them. An alder swamp, about half a mile distant, was my object.

'When the foremost man came up to the wall, I heard him panting and puffing for breath, and, instead of being able to leap over, he ran against it, and threw it down in such a manner as to cover me almost entirely from sight, the stones falling against the tree in such a manner as to do me no injury. The man ran through the breach of the wall, and continued his course about fifteen rods beyond me, and stopped until the others came up, who anxiously inquired what had become of BURROUGHS? The other replied, that he had run like a deer across the meadows, and gone into the alder-swamp!'

He waits in the swamp until opportunity presents, when he gets away: and we next find him preaching in Attleborough, Mass., nine miles north of Providence, Rhode-Island, under his own proper name. His 'call' was for four Sundays; having finished which, he returns in a long and gloomy night (moved by the ties of 'a generous friendship' and speculation) to his amiable friend, the counterfeiter, and his charming family at Pelham, where his 'reception was equal to his most sanguine anticipations.'

A long dissertation is given upon the necessity of living; upon being deceived by his accomplice; upon the art of making *good* counterfeits, etc.; but the *result* is, that Burroughs takes some twenty dollars of the good money to pass for goods; is arrested at Springfield, Mass., where he *had* passed some of it; is recognized by a Pelhamite post-rider, and exposed; then committed to jail. He was soon after tried, convicted, and sentenced to an hour in the pillory and three years' confinement in the House of Correction.

The jail in Springfield being thought insecure, Burroughs was removed to the jail in Northampton. How much crime may have been prevented, by a perusal of his sufferings and painful adventures in this at that time inhuman prison, will perhaps never be known. We shall let him tell his story in his own words, omitting much irrelevant matter in relation to his jail-companions, 'moral reflections,' etc. Portions of his adventures are equal to any thing in the life of 'Baron Frederick Trenck,' that remarkable history of imprisonment:

'I WAS confined with a large chain around my legs, secured in the most critical manner, and then bound fast to the wagon in which I was transported; it being twenty miles between the two places. In this situation I was carried through the country. It was Sunday, and in the room of attending the usual solemnities of the day, people thronged the roads to see this procession: when we passed, the people would inquire with eagerness, who was the minister, being known more by that appellation than I was by my own name. When the minister was pointed

out to them, some would shout with joy, considering that I was now detected, notwithstanding that amazing fund of subtility, which I could use when I had occasion. Their ideas of their own judiciary became highly exalted, in their opinion, for, said they, 'this man has been all over the world, playing pranks in all countries, but could never be brought to justice, owing to his amazing subtility, until he came among us, and we have showed him what is what; he finds by this time that we are not such fools as he thought for.' Some examined my looks with great attention, to see if they could distinguish where that depth of knowledge lay which had set the world in an uproar. Some few dropped the sympathetic tear over our wretched state, apparently sensible that we belonged to the same human family with themselves, and were capable of suffering equally with others.

'About sun-set we arrived at Northampton, and were consigned to the abodes of misery. The ponderous doors growled on their reluctant hinges! The rattling of bolts, bars, and locks, reverberating through the hollow apartments of this dreary abode, made such an impression on my mind, that with difficulty I supported myself under this situation. The appearance of the CERBERUS, of these infernal abodes was equal to every poetic description of the Janitor of hell. Hail, ye infernal Powers! said I, who inhabit these regions; assemble your forces, gather your strength, and keep high carnival to-day, in consideration of those victims, which have now fallen a sacrifice at your shrine.'

Burroughs goes on to describe, that he was confined in a room on the ground-floor, and proceeds to give portraits of the three or four companions in crime and misfortune who were incarcerated with him:

'The scanty allowance of provision which we received at this place, made us feel severely the pains of hunger. Those who had friends near them commonly received an additional supply from them, but those who had only what our keeper allowed us, to supply the calls of nature, often felt the griping hand of hunger, in addition to other inconveniences. All these circumstances made me feel an inconceivable uneasiness at my confinement. I would walk backward and forward across the room, by the whole day together, ruminating upon the possibility of making my escape. How I longed to be at liberty, is beyond my power to tell. Often would I wish that I was possessed with the ability of passing from place to place with the same facility, that we could discern objects at a distance in this place and that place. How quick would I then leave these hateful abodes, and wanton in the sun-beams of liberty! How easily could I then elude the iron grasp of this petty tyrant, who triumphs over the miseries of the wretched few under his control.

'Often would I contemplate upon the situation of the beggar, who gained his daily bread by the cold hand of charity, and yet walked at liberty, free as the air in which he breathed, capable of going to any place to which his fancy directs him, without let or hindrance; I compared his situation with mine, and in the comparison, I felt infinitely short of his state of happiness.

'I was determined to try some measure for my escape from this place. I peeped into every corner of the room; I surveyed all the barricadoes with which I was environed; I contemplated every possible measure which occurred to my imagination. I at last concluded to begin my operation upon the chimney-way, hoping that I could, by taking up the foundation of the chimney, get to the ground, and by that mean undermine the jail, and make my escape that way. We were determined to make the attempt immediately after the approach of night, as that was the only time in which we could work, without an immediate detection. Therefore, after the time of retirement, we pulled off our coats and went to work with a great degree of energy upon the stones in the chimney. We soon almost filled our room with stones and rubbish. In this situation we experienced great inconveniences for the want of light, being obliged to have recourse to pine slivers peeled off from a board, which kept one hand constantly employed in feeding the blaze, lest it should be extinguished, which would at once defeat all our purposes.

'As I was the strongest of the two, I kept WARNER feeding the light, while I labored like SISYPHUS in rolling huge stones out of the chimney-way. Happy

should I have thought myself at that time, if, HERCULES like, I could have turned the course of some mighty river under the jail, to have assisted me with its force, to sweep away those huge rocks.

'I labored and toiled without intermission, till about mid-night, when coming to a rock I could not possibly get out of the hole, I for a moment despaired of success, after straining with all my might a number of times to no effect. Roon, seeing the situation in which matters stood, jumped out of bed, and helped to lift the stone from its place, and then returned again into bed.

'I again renewed my labor, and had overcome the greatest part of the difficulties before us, when the light became extinct for want of fuel, the board being all consumed. I tried to pursue the business in the dark, but found it in vain, and therefore was obliged to quit our undertaking. How much would I now have given for a farthing candle! but wishing were as vain as our expectations were unfounded. The necessity of our relinquishing the pursuit was absolute, and therefore, with a sullen reluctance, I yielded to the force of necessity.

'I did not entirely lose all hopes of succeeding yet in this method. As soon as day-light should afford an opportunity, I determined to renew my labors, and if by good fortune our CERBERUS should not make us a visit till some time in the morning, I was still in hopes of making the breach soon enough, to leave him to his own agreeable reflections, when he came to search our room, which he constantly did every day. Therefore, at the dawn of day, I again renewed my labor with increased animation. I struggled and toiled with the huge rocks in such a manner as to establish the belief, that in the course of an hour I should again flit upon the wing of liberty. But oh! horrid to relate! the thundering noise of the jailer, in opening his ponderous doors, throwing back the many bolts and turning the keys of the enormous locks, at once defeated all my expectations of freedom. The mighty castles which I had been building in the air, came tumbling over my head like a sweeping deluge.

'The jailer came into the room, and what was the scene pictured to his view? Rubbish, rocks, stones, and dirt, filled the room! Two men almost naked, covered with sweat and dust!

'The door was again immediately shut, and the jailer retired, but his absence was almost momentary. He returned with a band of flinty-hearted myrmidons, to assist in the execution of his diabolical system of revenge. We were taken by those patrons of humanity, tied to the grates, and received ten lashes each on our naked backs with a horse-whip. Immediately after this, we were put in the dungeon, where we lay two days, and were then removed into another room.

'The second day of my confinement, nearly night, I heard a terrible clanking of massy chains approaching toward my apartment. The door of the dungeon was opened, when lo! horrid to relate! a deformed VULCAN, attended with his grisly CYCLOPS, carrying with them a huge iron chain and all the tools for their infernal purpose.

'I was ordered into another apartment, and to work went those engines of cruelty. They, in the first place, made fast a flat ring around my leg, about six inches wide and an inch thick. This was connected with a chain, weighing about thirty-six pounds and ten feet in length. The other end of the chain was fastened to the timber composing our floor, with a staple driven in with a sledge, which made the whole jail tremble. After I was fixed in this manner, they left me to my own reflections, inwardly exulting at their mighty power, in making a poor wretch secure from enjoying the cold comfort of hoping for better times.

'I lay in this dismal situation about a fortnight, if I remember right. My leg, by this time, was worn by the iron around it, till the skin was quite off. In this situation, I became entirely impatient. My sufferings I thought insupportable. I cursed the day in which I was born. I cursed my friends, and all the human race, in the bitterness of my anguish! I roared with anguish! I raged like a Bedlamite!

'The obdurate heart of my CERBERUS was not moved by my situation; he was terrified, and durst not approach me. Yet that adamant barrier which fortified the avenues to his soul from the approaches of compassion, remained entirely unimpaired, and prevented the least motion of pity from disturbing his repose.

‘There are certain situations of suffering which will make a man mad — will take away every exercise of rational conduct — will reduce him to a state of desperation, so that he will rush into the most desperate danger. This was my situation at this time. I was determined not to endure these trials any longer; and, in the language of the poet, to end them ‘by taking arms against myself, and all my woes at once.’

‘I ruminated upon the means of accomplishing this design. Various were the plans which offered to my view, but none appeared so eligible to answer the state of my mind, as the terrible element of fire. Therefore, I determined to set fire to the jail, and, Samson-like, make a sacrifice at my death, which should atone for the cruelties I had suffered in my life!

‘The flooring of the jail was laid with two thicknesses of timber, each thickness being about fourteen inches, and over these timbers a floor of inch boards. The boards which composed the floor I cut away, in such a manner as to be able to take up a piece about two feet long; the cracks between the timbers were about two inches wide, into which I dropped coals of fire, which fell down to the ground, twenty-eight inches below the floor, among shavings and other combustible stuff. The air drawing in strongly at the place where the fire was, it soon began to rage with great violence. I replaced the board in its former situation, placed my straw, which served for my bed, on the board, and lay down, with great composure, viewing my sufferings as fast hastening to an end.

‘The floor being so tight as not to admit the blaze into the room, it sought a passage elsewhere, and soon burst out, through the underpinning, and blazed up to the height of the eaves of the jail, about twenty feet! This was a scene possessing more of the horrid sublime than any thing I ever met with during my life.

‘At the dead hour of night, when all nature was lost in forgetfulness, to see columns of smoke and fire rolling up with a majestic power, enveloping me around, was a scene which surpasses all description! I viewed the operation of the flames with a tranquil horror! I now felt myself exalted above the operations of the petty tyranny of those who had exercised the rod of severity over me. Your reign, said I, will be short, and I shall not fall altogether unrevenged. It may serve as a memento to others, not to drive those to desperation, who have the misfortune to fall under their power.

‘I soon found that the fire had loosened the staple, which confined my chain to the floor; therefore, I was at liberty to walk from one end of the room to the other, contemplating the progress of this dreadful devouring element.

‘By this time, the prisoners in the room over-head were awakened, alarmed, and began to cry out for help. The jailor was aroused, the inhabitants gathered, and the bolts, bars, and locks, were in motion. They immediately came into my room, and finding me loose, conveyed me into the dungeon.

‘Whilst I was in the dungeon, I heard the bustle among the people, in putting out the fire. From the expectations of some, I thought the danger increased, and from the operation of others, I thought it diminished. My mind was wavering between hope and fear, till about four o’clock in the morning, when I found the noise decreased until it became entirely silent. I now concluded they had subdued the fire, and of course, I should be called to an account as disagreeable as when I attempted to break jail.’

He was quite right in his conclusion, as he goes on to describe, in a style as ‘thrilling’ as that of any writer of romances in our time:

‘About nine o’clock in the morning, I heard the usual tumult at entering the outer door of the jail. I saw a crowd were entering and passing along the alleyway, previous to their coming to the dungeon-door! The door opened. The high-sheriff, jailer, and about twenty more entered. I saw, by the appearance of things, that I must prepare for the worst possible event. The sheriff advanced with a cocked pistol, which he presented to my breast, and swore, that if I offered to resist, he would put me to instant death. He had an idea that I had become desperate, and would sacrifice my own life for the sake of ridding myself from the misery I was under, and obtaining revenge for the injuries I had suffered.

‘He ordered his posse to advance and seize me. They advanced and laid hold of me. As soon as they had made me secure, the sheriff took hold of my hand



and twisted it round, so as to make the pain very sensible. I thought he would have wrung my arm off my shoulder. I was led out of jail in this manner into the yard. I was then tied fast to the grates, and stripped naked.

'The reason why I was carried into the yard was, that this mild distributor of justice might have a better opportunity to give his whip full scope without impediment. He improved his opportunity, and, with a whip commonly known by the name of hunting-whip, he laid about me with all his vengeance for about five minutes. I was then re-conveyed into the dungeon; when I was loosed from the iron I had about my leg, and in lieu of that, a large ring was put about each leg, with an iron bar running from one to the other. This bar was bolted to the floor. I then had an iron about my waist, and bolted to the floor: after all, I was handcuffed and pinioned.

'Here I was deprived of fire, of clothing, and exercise, till the time was nearly expired; and even the pitiful allowance of straw to lie on: but all this was nothing, compared with what I suffered with hunger.

'Those who know the cruel effects of hunger are the only people who can understand me, when I relate these facts. But few people have ever felt its effects; therefore, should I relate this story to people in general, not many would know what I meant.

'I had not been in this situation many days, before I began to experience the severe effects of the cold. As I could not stand, walk, nor step, the only recourse I had to keep my feet from freezing, was rubbing them against an iron spike, a little from my feet, perhaps three inches, which had either never been driven into the floor entirely, or else had started back by some means, the space of about four inches. This I wore very smooth with a perpetual friction. No person was allowed barely to look through the little aperture into the dungeon. This little hole was secured by a door, so as to hide every object from our sight.

'About the seventh or eighth day after my confinement in this Pandemonium, the pains of hunger became excruciating. Gladly would I have eaten my own flesh. I even had a hankering desire to get the excrements out of the vault, but that was out of my power. All my thoughts were occupied upon victuals. I could not conceive what I had been about through life, that I had not eaten more when I had the opportunity.

'I could not possibly conceive of the idea of a man satisfied with eating. That a man could be glutted with food so as to loathe it, was a fact established in my mind, by my own personal experience — yet, at this time, I could not believe it; indeed, I thought I knew to the contrary. Had I been possessed of an empire at this time, I should have parted with it in a moment, for a supply of food for the present necessity.'

END OF PART FIRST.

#### SONNET: AMOR OMNIBUS IDEM.

As a fair bark, rich-laden with the choice  
Of every clime, sails gently up the bay  
Of some far isle, while heaven's gales round it play,  
And all the people from the shore rejoice;  
So thou, full-freighted soul, hast come to me  
Wafted, so dream-like, on my being's shore,  
And every thought for gladness lifts its voice  
And gloats upon the treasures brought by thee.  
Italy's passion-fire, the gayety  
Of France, and English maiden sweetness pour  
From out thine eyes, while oft the purity,  
The spiritual longing of a northern sky,  
Far over all do seem to float and soar.  
Blessed, who such bark shall haven evermore!



## M Y S P I R I T U A L E X P E R I E N C E .

'FAMILIAR SPIRITS: wizards that peep and that mutter.'—HOLY WRIT.

VAINLY is the light of Reason brought to bear on themes like this,  
 Fraught with mysteries of ages, teeming with despair or bliss :  
 Telling of the mystic visits of departed souls to earth :  
 Well we know of guardian angels who attend us from our birth :  
 Beings ever hovering near us, shielding us from much of harm,  
 If we heed their admonitions, when our Conscience strikes alarm :  
 Never thought we though, till lately, that by force of our behest,  
 Those we ever loved, who left us, forth would come from sacred rest ;  
 Paradise forsaking nightly, to roam from the spirit-land,  
 Though unbidden, fiends incarnate stalk abroad on every hand.

Scoffingly, I lately witnessed incantations on this wise,  
 Which convinced me that disputing were to disbelieve my eyes :  
 In a 'circle' at a table, hands enlinked, they summoned Dead,  
 Who, by rapping, though quite faintly, filled the credulous with dread :  
 Perchance tilting up the table, thus exciting giddy mirth,  
 Or intoning threatening language through the 'Medium' who held forth ;  
 Then mahogany came sliding toward my shins, as if intent  
 By such agile extreme measures to impart the message sent :  
 Sent to me, a scoffing skeptic, who would not 'investigate'  
 Revelations far beyond the ken of my poor shallow pate.

Now a maiden gently murmured wishes half-suppress with shame :  
 She would know if her dear mother from the shades saw aught to blame  
 In a contemplated union with her pure soul's counterpart :  
 Scarcely was the warm thought uttered from a palpitating heart,  
 When vibrations of the table woke sensations of deep pain,  
 For the cabalistic answer meant : 'Think not of him again !'  
 Back the maiden started quickly, while the rose forsook her cheek :  
 Life no longer seemed to woo her : dark the world grew, chill and bleak.  
 Were it not her dark eye glistened with the gathering dew-drop's sheen,  
 I had feared she would have fainted — as a climax to the scene.

One less timorous bluntly questioned if the telegraph worked well,  
 When a message quick came to him, seething with the fumes of Hell.  
 Maledictions fierce and ghostly checked his speech and bade him cease,  
 While the rocking of the table made the fears of ill increase :  
 Withering words the lost soul muttered, through the medium of the seer :  
 Had DIABOLUS come in person to rebuke the cavilling sneer ?  
 Silence brooded for some moments, when the tranced one moved her arm,  
 With such rapid oscillations, as created much alarm ;  
 For her blows fell thick and heavy on a disbeliever's hand,  
 Quite convincing all who saw her that she'd lost all self-command.

Ha ! she pounded him to jelly, and compelled him to confess  
 That a convert she had made him, by such striking earnestness ;  
 Laughter, loud and unremitting, swelled in chorus at that scene,  
 Doubters, joined by firm believers, shouting at the spirit's spleen :  
 Then in eloquence supernal flowed forth much mysterious lore,  
 Calming turbulence, and making all as seemly as before :  
 Cold as ice my hands became, deprived of all their nervous force,  
 Interlinked with those of damsels, electric fluid fled — of course !

'Music let us have, 't will lead us back to soberness again ;  
 Soothing melodies please warble — let us have some sweet refrain :'

Skilful hands then quickly glided o'er the keys, while voices rose,  
Gently stilling all the tempest of such mirth as overflows,  
When the wanton spirits loosened, drive away all peaceful thought.  
While the mournful air was breathing, these are lines my fancy wrought:

DREAM, oh! dream not, blinded mortal,  
That thy sense can pass the portal  
Of the shadowy realm of silence:  
Dark to thee, and wrapped in gloom:  
Still, oh! still thy heart's loud beating,  
Patient wait, for time is fleeting:  
Speeding years will soon discover  
All that is beyond the tomb.

Widowed heart! oh! cease repining,  
Gold is tried but by refining:  
Purified may'st thou be ever  
By internal fire that glows:  
Radiant souls are swiftly flying  
To that land, where sorrow, sighing,  
Fearful eyes, can never enter,  
Where the fount of grace o'erflows.

Mother! wouldst thou wean from heaven  
Him who from thy soul was riven?  
Would that not be highest folly?  
Yes! 't were madness to desire.  
Dream ye not, disconsolate lover,  
What is hidden to discover;  
Think ye not to pierce the mystery:  
Mortal sense, why thus aspire!

Influenced by that conjuration, all sank back again in thought:  
When at once, the music changing, seemed to be with madness fraught:  
And my fancies, fondly cherished, were made manifestly false,  
For I seized a huge grimalkin, whirled her in the 'Madman's Waltz,'  
And thus showed my own sensation, when possessed by sportive sprite,  
Until Puss and I were weary — weary with the spirit's flight.

Curious were the eyes that watched me, when, subsiding in a chair,  
I outspread my fingers widely, and invoked a spirit there:  
Startled by the table tipping over to me ere I spoke,  
I essayed in vain to question, nor awhile the silence broke:  
'T was my *Uncle*, they informed me, who was dead of years a score;  
Demonstration I should have then, of deep secrets long in store:  
'Write—your—name!' An inspiration seized the nervous 'Medium's hand,  
Which like lightning grasped a pencil, at my *Uncle's* stern command:  
Dashing o'er the paper deftly, tracing out that name! — that name!  
Horror then sat on my features, and I scarcely could exclaim:  
'John! my *Uncle*! ah! how strongly does the hidden come to light:  
Prove to me your place of dying, and the date: so, here, this night,  
I may freely make confession, though, like THOMAS, doubting still.'

Sadly then a steady tapping told the years and place, until  
All gazed at my gestures frantic, which seemed to corroborate  
Tales that I myself had whispered, when with mirth I was elate;  
Relative with such prephenomena never had I had till then:  
'Who's to blame?' But uncle JOHNNY broke the silence ne'er again.  
Wretch! to speak so in my folly. Relatives do lie, they said,  
None the less when they are numbered with the false, the lying dead.  
Compliments were lavished out then, in that manner, on my kin:  
Sacreligious hints were thrown out, of unpardonable sin.

Gravity and gravitation then assumed to rule the board;  
 And they all with agitation o'er mysterious symbols pored:  
 Frivolous, vain, and petty questions were denounced in words of fire,  
 As the scrawled and spectral writing testified of kindled ire.  
 Then they called up each profession; wily lawyer, canting knave,  
 Man of balm and consolation, learned physician, breath to save;  
 But what caused great consternation, and made some cry out aloud,  
 Was the advent of one doctor, name suggestive of a shroud:  
 One whose conscience could not slumber for his slaughter done on earth,  
 Where for lucre he'd still practise, though 't would desolate the hearth:  
 Scrupulously such I always shun, for life is short enough;  
 But that doctor — lurking demon! — would not heed my cold rebuff;  
 But he vowed that he would practise on my carcass, for my pride:  
 Yet redeemed not such a bold threat, else before this I had died.

'Wait a moment!' then I told them, 'and I'll raise a spirit pure.'  
 Forthwith hieing from their presence, though my meaning was obscure,  
 Hard by, in a chamber sleeping, (for it now was late at night,) *EMMA*,  
*beauteous child*, unconscious lay, apparelled all in white;  
 Little sprite of five bright summers, who awoke with smile-lit face:  
 Gracefully she stood uprightly, giving me a love-embrace.  
 When I took her from the cradle, to the crowd the table round:  
 'See this spirit!' then I told them, while my glee did loud resound.

When I sought again the 'circle,' after taking back the child,  
 They had summoned up a chieftain of the Red Men of the wild:  
 'MOUNTAIN-EAGLE bids thee, *PALE-FACE*, hence to flee, and come no more;  
 Thou 'st despoiled him, thou 'st allured him from the God he did adore:  
 The GREAT SPIRIT tells HIS children to avenge their nation's wrongs:  
 Fire-water to cast from them — pest! — that misery prolongs.'  
 Thus the chieftain's proclamation, more at length, was emptied forth  
 From the mouth of eye-closed 'Medium,' (though 'tis hard to tell its worth,) *EMMA*,  
 Till one yawningly made mention, that the hour had grown so late,  
 That 't were well to cease all talking, and begin to meditate.  
 Then, disbanding, thence all sallied; some to have a dreamless rest,  
 Others shuddering, lest hobgoblins and grim spectres should infest  
 Each bed-chamber, every corner where a pile of clothes is hung,  
 Every nook, each bush or clothes-horse over which a sheet is flung.

That is how I was converted; (was it, think you, *in a horn*?)  
 Thus the sublime truths came to me, doctrines that I'd viewed with scorn.  
 If you've read in recent journals of bold tricks, most queer and droll,\*  
 Which embodied spirits practised on two strangers, who did stroll  
 Where a social evening party sought the science to explore,  
 You'll remember both the strangers made their exit by the door,  
 After having eased each member of the 'circle' of his cash,  
 Watch, or jewels, all surrendered as a jest — just for a *dash*!  
 'Ha! *MACAIRE* and *STROP*, how foolish they will look when wits return,  
 Shaking off their sleep mesmeric, how their reddening cheeks will burn!' *EMMA*,  
 Confidence those spirits naughty had cajoled, despite police,  
 Who soon *jugged* the playful strangers, as a warning not to fleece.

\* AMONG late Police Reports appeared the following: 'The notorious 'Confidence Man,' (just discharged from the Penitentiary, for some manifestation of early piety,) with a chum of the same ilk, went the other evening among some spiritualists. 'Confidence,' who was introduced as a gentleman from Kentucky, soon became *influenced* by the spirit of ROBERT MACAIRE, and his companion with that of JACQUES STROP, both seeming for the nonce to have lost all personal identity. A curious lady present, felt anxious to know how MACAIRE was wont to exercise his talents, when lo! the spirit of the thief manifested itself, to the infinite amusement of all present. MACAIRE went round the circle, collecting jewels, watches, and money. These he handed to STROP, who stumbled about in an unconscious (?) state, until he found the outside of the door, where he soon was rejoined by his comrade. The company waited a few moments: one becoming impatient, peeped out — both had left. After some trouble, the officers arrested them both; and yesterday they were committed to answer.'

But *our* 'circle' eye more sharply when a stranger we invite :  
 Place his hands upon the table, close our pockets all up tight.  
 Be advised, though, verdant reader, when you would *our* 'circle' join,  
 That no token will admit you without talismanic coin :  
 Would you deeper search the Occult, pierce the Future's secret store ?  
 (If you would, and you really think you have a turn for profound psycho-  
 logical investigations, commence as soon as you please, (tickets one  
 dollar) and after you have repeated the dose ten or a dozen times) —  
 Truth will burst with dazzling brightness on your mind — *perhaps* before !

(*New-York,* December, 1857.

W. H. BROWNE.

## THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

### CHAPTER THIRTEENTH

RUNNING, with a fresh westerly breeze, through the Straits of Gibraltar, and by the 'hill of victory,' gladly we hailed the blue waters of the Mediterranean; and the wind continuing *en popa*, as the Spaniards say, many days had not elapsed before, with Ischia on the one hand, and Procida on the other, we were standing in, under a cloud of canvas, for the anchorage off the '*lanterna*' at Naples.

Here we found three of our national vessels; the line-of-battle-ship '*Indiana*,' carrying the broad pennant of Commodore Frasier, the frigate '*Sabine*,' and the sloop-of-war '*Huron*,' whose officers, to the annoyance of Mr. Garboard, crowded aboard of us, while we were engaged in 'mooring ship.'

As soon as the order was given to 'pipe down,' we mids showed our guests the way to the steerage, where an animated conversation ensued, as to the manner in which the '*Shenandoah*' had been 'handled' in coming up the harbor; and after a long discussion of this delicate subject, it still remained a matter of doubt to the large majority of us, 'whether or not the topsails would have been more easily 'clewed up' if the sheets had been started a quarter of a minute earlier' — Daw, who was an admirer of the first lieutenant, earnestly supporting the negative of this proposition, and Duet, the mathematician, as stoutly maintaining the affirmative of it.

'What sort of an officer is your first lieutenant?' inquired Weasel of Midshipman Brown, of the '*Huron*.'

'A most miserable one indeed,' responded Brown. '*Why, he has no voice at all!*'

Now I was at a loss to comprehend the meaning of this reply, at the time, but I fully understood it some years later, when, in common with a large number of my brother officers, I stood upon the 'long wharf' at Pensacola, to witness the getting under way of the United States schooner '*Petrel*' of forty-two tons, commanded by Lieutenant P. F. Windy. 'All hands up anchor!'

thundered the acting boatswain, Mr. Harvey, and instanter all was commotion aboard the schooner; the men and boys, fourteen in number, rushing with hurricane speed to the 'deck-tackle;' the master, Mr. Baker, taking two strides from the cabin-hatch to the forecastle; passed midshipman Duncan stationing himself amidships; and the commanding-officer standing as far aft as he could possibly get, as erect as an oak, and as stiff as a pump-bolt.

Presently, clapping with both hands an enormous speaking-trumpet to his mouth, which, projecting far beyond Duncan, almost touched the ear of the master, Lieutenant Commanding Windy yelled out:

'Are you all ready forward, Sir?'

'All ready, Sir!'

'Walk away the deck-tackle!'

The chain being soon reported 'in to a short stay,' Lieutenant Commanding Windy again bellowed out:

'Belay the deck-tackle! Lay aft and hoist the mainsail!'

And when the anchor was aweigh, he ordered the jib and fore-sail to be set, in a voice whose *trumpet tones* caused so violent a concussion of the air, that I was almost lifted off my feet by it.

'Splendid officer, that Windy!' cried Captain Grundy of 'the Washington Mutual Adulation Society.'

'Best I ever saw!' exclaimed three of his satellites in a breath.

'Great disciplinarian!' said sailing-master Hardy.

'Finest voice in the Navy!' stammered Commodore Doolittle.

'Not a doubt of it!' ejaculated Doctor Seaman.

'Almost equal to a Mahon jackass's, said little Charley Sinner.

'Almost equal? Far superior to it!' rejoined the others indignantly.

And then they all — Sinner excepted — joined in a laudation of Windy, which it was truly delightful to listen to.

For myself, I made no remark whatever, but I could not, for the life of me, help reverting to the time when my mess-mates of the 'Shenandoah' cried with one voice: 'Long live John Jenkins, knight of the double rations; and may he ever be blessed with the *two great requisites of a naval officer — a shrill voice and a capacious stomach!*'

We had been about a week at Naples, when Commodore Bariga Pompous arrived there in the frigate 'United States,' with orders to relieve Commodore Frasier, whose term of service had expired.

As Pompous was the junior of the two, the instant he hove in sight of Frasier's flag, he fired a salute of thirteen guns, which was promptly returned, and with interest, too; for no sooner had the 'Indiana' ceased firing, than the 'Sabine,' commanded by Captain Beale, senior captain of the squadron, commenced 'blazing away,' starboard and port.

'Why, how is that, Mr. Garboard?' cried our captain; 'the Commodore must have issued a general order to salute, which,

through some mistake, has not reached us. Fire away, as soon as you're ready, Sir !'

As Mr. Garboard counted thirteen, the little 'Huron' 'took it up,' as we say in the Navy; and so old Pompous received the very liberal allowance of fifty-two guns for his paltry thirteen.

Soon, however, Commodore Frasier sent his flag-lieutenant aboard of us to know 'why we had fired;' and Captain Blazes's explanation being satisfactory, nothing more was said to him on the subject; but Captain Beale returning for answer to a similar question, that his salute was intended as a *feu de joie*, to celebrate the advent of a *gentleman* to command the squadron, there was a grand 'row in the camp,' to be sure.

'The salute was a private one, and I paid for every ounce of the powder expended out of my own pocket,' quoth Beale.

'You have no right to fire a private salute from a public vessel,' dogmatically responded his superior. And so, without further parleying, the delinquent captain was arrested, and the first luff of the 'Indiana' placed in command of his vessel.

As Beale was a gallant fellow, though, and a general favorite in the squadron, notwithstanding his being somewhat erratic in his notions, and inclined to take his toddy rather stronger than was good for him, all his brother captains warmly interested themselves in his behalf; and the Commodore, who was as amiable and courteous a gentleman as ever had the good fortune to smell gunpowder, was easily persuaded to restore him to duty.

Thereupon, a general jollification, upon the part of all the commanders of the squadron, came off at night in the cabin of the 'Shenandoah,' which lasted until near cock-crow, Captain Beale being the last one to leave the vessel.

As he staggered toward the starboard gangway, where stood four messenger-boys, each with a 'lantern dimly burning,' he threw his arms about Blazes's neck, and burst into tears. 'What's the matter now, Beale?' inquired 'the old man.'

'You real (hiccup) ly overcome, come (hiccup) over me with your ki-kind (hiccup) ness, Blaze-aze-us; you do in-deed !'

'My kindness ! Why, what do you mean, man ?'

'But you do (hiccup) me too, too much honor—in-deed you (hiccup) do,' continued Beale, sobbing bitterly, and steadying himself against the mainmast. 'All I ask is four li-lights, and ——'

'Four lights is all you have,' interrupted our skipper.

'Four ! Do you think I'm bli-wind, then ?' exclaimed Beale, pointing toward each one of the messenger-boys in turn as he spoke. 'Is n't *there* two (hiccup) boys with li-lights; and *there* two, and *there* two, and *there* two—and does n't four ti-times (hiccup) two make (hiccup) eight, I'd li-like to know ?'

Under this pleasing delusion, the worthy *comandante lloroso* of the 'Sabine' betook himself to his ship; and his steward reports that the last words he uttered that night, as he turned into his cot, were: 'All I ask is four li-lights, and (hiccup) ne'er a one mo-wore, friend Blaze-aze-us !'



One bright afternoon in the month of May, I went ashore at Naples to witness the liquefaction of the blood of the great San Gennaro, of blessed memory.

As I entered the Duomo, a Neapolitan officer made his way to me through the dense masses of human beings that thronged every corner of the church, and politely led me to a seat just outside of the balustrade surrounding the sanctuary, whence I, of course, had a fine view of what my guide-book informed me was a 'most imposing spectacle;' yet, sooth to say, on this occasion it partook, to my mind, very largely of the character of buffoonery; and since I have had the opportunity of comparing it with the magic of the 'wise men of the East,' of which I may, perhaps, have occasion to make mention in the progress of this valuable work, I have been reluctantly forced to pronounce the whole *function*, one of the very *shallowest* pieces of trickery that ever *juggler* resorted to.

By the altar stood an austere-looking priest, holding in his left hand a glass jar or bottle, (containing, *it was said*, the coagulated blood of San Gennaro,) which he was violently rubbing with his right; while, kneeling in a circle around him, were the descendants of the saint, vociferously calling upon the shade of their pious ancestor to be present at the ceremony, and, for the honor of the family, to assist the priest in his manipulations.

After an hour's hard labor, however, the efforts of the holy father relaxed, and, finally, the blood still remaining congealed, his right arm fell, powerless, to his side.

Then arose, from all parts of the vast cathedral, bitter complaints against the saint; and the Gennaro family, waxing exceedingly wrathful, abused him in good round terms, declaring that however excellent he might have been in the flesh, it was quite evident he was but little better than he should be in the spirit, and that they, for their parts, were heartily ashamed of him.

'A nice specimen of a saint you are, I *do n't* think!' screamed one.

'To be all this time performing a small job like that!' cried another.

'Saint Paul or Saint Peter could have done it in one-third of the time!' shrieked a third. And now, being fairly under way, they continued to pour forth the vials of their wrath in a torrent of vituperation, such as no saint in Christendom could long have withstood the shock of; so poor San Gennaro was forced, like Martin Scott's coon, to 'come down;' and accordingly he put it into the head of the manipulator, to provide himself with a *spirit-lamp* of goodly dimensions, *by the aid of which the blood was most marvellously liquefied*; and all the people prostrated themselves, in exceeding great wonder at the miracle; and the Gennaro family wept aloud; and I — alas! sinner that I am! — I marched out of the church in double quick time, whistling to myself — Yankee Doodle!

I had not gone far, when a beautiful flower-girl, leading by the hand a bright-eyed, thoughtful-looking boy, of about four years of

age, tapped me lightly on the shoulder, and, in broken English, requested me to purchase one of her bouquets.

I was not in a particularly good humor at the time, for I was thinking of the tom-foolery, of which I had just been an eye-witness; and turning to the girl, I harshly bade her take herself off. In an instant, however, my heart smote me for my rudeness, and running after her, (for she had got a little distance from me by this,) I dropped a five-franc piece in her basket, and took from it a bouquet in exchange; and, as I did so, I observed a large tear trickling down her olive cheek — a tear of humiliation and shame! All the rest of the afternoon, the sad countenance of the girl haunted me, and a thousand times I vowed in my inmost soul, never again to add to the weary burden of the poor, the *bitter weight of an unkind word*.

The next morning it so fell out that I accompanied Gray on a visit to the extensive hospital, in the '*largo delle pigne*,' called the *casa degl' incurabile*.

As we entered the ward appropriated to surgical cases, we became aware, from the bustle pervading a crowd of medical students who were gathered together in one corner of it, that an operation had just been, or was shortly about to be, performed; and in answer to our queries, a nurse informed us that his Excellency, the great doctor Raphael Bombelli, had the moment before added to his exalted reputation by amputating the leg of a boy who had been run over by a *citadine*.

Drawing near to the sufferer, and looking into his agonized face, I recognized, to my grief and horror, the pensive features of the little fellow whom I had met, on the previous evening, near the 'Duomo.' His sister was on her knees by his bed-side, holding one of his tiny hands in hers, her fine eyes upturned toward heaven, as if seeking *there* for that consolation which was denied to her upon the earth, and her lips parted in prayer.

Kneeling by her side, I placed my hand gently on the boy's head, and, with my handkerchief, commenced wiping the perspiration from his cold, damp brow, when — God help me! — the good angel who sustained his feeble spirit, *looked through his eyes and smiled*.

And all that day, and for many days thereafter, Gray and I watched by the bed-side of the dying boy; and I marked that the smile never once left his face. At times it was feebler than at others, but still it was there: and I learned a lesson from it that no sermon could inculcate. And oftentimes, amid the false glare and hollow mirth of the revel, and in the solitude of my own chamber, I see that sainted smile; and when wearied with the cares of earth, as I sometimes am, I yield to the snares of the Tempter, and repine at my lot, the shade of that patient boy — now my ministering spirit — appears at my side, and I bow my head in contrition, and pray — pray that my last end may be like his!

At length it became evident to all that the child was sinking fast; and it was a beautiful and sanctifying sight to behold him,

as his hour approached, with his arms tightly clasped around his sister's neck, endeavoring to assuage her grief, and to hear him, with understanding far beyond his years — for his soul had strengthened with his body's decay — portraying the endless joys of the world to come.

And thus discoursing of our FATHER in heaven, and of the Blessed SAVIOUR, and of the Holy Mother, the child died.

This was in the early morning, and after informing the superintendent of the hospital that we would be back on the morrow to attend the funeral, the expenses of which we wished to be permitted to defray, Gray and myself left the *bouquetiere* alone with her dead, and returned to the 'Shenandoah.'

Toward evening we again went ashore, and strolling, in a thoughtful mood, along the western side of the hill of Lotrecco, we came, by chance, upon the *campo santo vecchio*, just as the sun was throwing his last rays on the crater of Vesuvius. Daily, at this hour, and in this place, the deceased paupers of Naples are indiscriminately *hurled* together, into one of the three hundred and sixty-six pits, *charitably* provided for their reception, by that pious king, Ferdinand the First.

As my comrade and I stood at a little distance, to observe this loathsome spectacle, I counted the number of the dead, and found them — men, women, and children — seventeen in all ; all destined to a common grave !

And now, *the bodies being despoiled of their covering*, and thrown into the pit, the buriers were about closing it, when, with a wild, soul-piercing shriek, a girl, with disordered garments and disheveled hair, came running into the *consecrated* ground, and, but for the bystanders, would have precipitated herself into the *hallowed* abyss.

This girl was the *bouquetiere* !

With unsteady step, and reeling brain, I approached the pit, and beheld — O shame ! O horror ! amid a mass of corruption — *the earthly tenement of an angel* !

Ye who ignorantly prate of the many charities of Catholic climes, and would fain place a confessional in every corner of this fair land, think sometimes of the *campo santo vecchio* — and oh ! ask yourselves if such a burial as I have described, be not fitter 'for the beasts that perish' than for man, 'whose soul goeth upward from the earth !'

When I inquired, afterward, at the hospital, the cause of the child's so hasty and indecent interment, I received for reply that he had been buried 'conformably to the rules of the institution.'

As to the flower-girl, Gray and I took care that she was suitably provided for ; and should the reader of these memoirs feel sufficient interest in her fate, to desire to know more of her, he or she may, perchance, gain the requisite information from a future volume.

During our stay at Naples, the Duke d'Avalos gave a grand *fete champetre*, to which all the 'Shenandoahs' were invited, and

a glorious time we mids had of it dancing on the green with the pretty Neapolitan maidens. The fete commenced at ten in the morning, and continued until late in the afternoon; and was conducted on a scale of magnificence far exceeding any thing I had ever before dreamt of, giving great satisfaction to the company generally, and to Mr. Hoyle in particular, who, having partaken largely of the 'rosy,' was in a Dick Swiveller state of mind, and fully impressed with the dire necessity of letting the Duke of Avalos and his guests know 'what manner of man' they had among them.

With this intent, he 'double shuffled' up to the Marquise de Perot, a very charming little French woman, and came the 'back step' on her husband's toes; next approaching the Spanish ambassador with the 'heavy-sea-way-tread,' he seized that grave functionary by the waistband of his breeches, and throwing him into the air, as if he were a ball, he dexterously caught him on his descent, by the collar of his coat, and landed him in safety, to the great admiration of the company, in the precise spot whence he had taken him; and, finally, he wound up his wondrous performance by *reeling* gracefully up to the youthful Countess of Livorno, with the 'rolling motion,' and 'backing and filling' twice around her, each time imprinting a kiss on her cherry-colored lips.

'*Que diablo de hombre!*' cried the Spanish ambassador.

'*C'est un veritable bete!*' said the marquis.

'*C'est un ange!*' sighed his wife.

The pretty countess, with true Italian discretion, kept her thoughts, whatever they were, to herself; but it was remarked that she hung on Hoyle's arm during the continuance of the fete; and when we all set off, about sun-set, on our return to Naples, it was *her* carriage that conveyed Hoyle thither. And when I entered the 'San Carlos' that night, to hear the grand opera of *Hernani*, the first object that attracted my attention was the jolly luff, seated cheek by jole, with the beautiful Countess of Livorno!

There were in the pit of the 'San Carlos,' that same night, some twenty of our men, who had been on liberty since the morning. They were all a little 'fresh,' but perfectly orderly in their behavior, and they kept the house in a roar with their eccentricities.

Among them might have been observed our old friends Peterson and Ropeyarn, the former holding a spy-glass in his hand, through which he took an occasional peep at the *prima donna*, (who seemed to have greatly captivated his fancy,) and the latter with his 'call' slung around his neck, with which he piped '*belay*,' when his ship-mates seemed at all inclined to be obstreperous.

The opera was near its conclusion, when, most unexpectedly, the King of Naples made his appearance in the royal box, and instantly the orchestra commenced playing the National Anthem, while the audience rose to do homage to their sovereign. Our Yankee tars, however, not understanding what was going on, remained immovable in their seats, whereupon the captain of the guard, who was certainly a *veritable ane*, took the exceeding great

liberty of whacking one of them over the shoulders with his drawn sword. Scarce had he done so, however, before Hoyle swung himself from the box of the Countess into the parquette, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, he had the Neapolitan by the throat, and was playing 'ten pound ten' on his stupid *capo*, under the very noses of his guard.

Maddox, Jones and myself, who were the only other American officers present, rushed quickly to his side, together with two 'down East' merchant captains, who, 'seeing,' as they said, 'that there seemed to be a pretty considerable smart chance of a fight on hand, did n't mind coming in for a small sprinklin' of it themselves, providin' they were n't intrudin', jest for the honor of the 'gridiron.'

'Charge bayonets!' cried the lieutenant of the guard. But before his *soldati* could bring their muskets into position, Hoyle gave the order '*to board*;' and cheering with all our lungs, we rushed upon them with an impetus that nothing could withstand. In a trice they were disarmed, and as passive as sheep in our hands; so each one seizing an enemy by the nape of the neck, we marched boldly out of the theatre, headed by Hoyle and Maddox, and our rear covered by our gallant volunteers, who were loudly singing that inspiring ditty:

'On the south side of Nantucket pint.'

As soon as we reached the open air, we were made aware, from the rattling of drums, and blowing of bugles in all directions, that a large force was mustering to attack us, and, fearing that our retreat to the ship might be intercepted, we cut adrift from our prizes, (bestowing upon each of them a hearty kick as we parted company,) and made all sail for the mole, where most fortunately we found a boat awaiting us. As we stepped into it, we heard the heavy tramp of infantry, and the clatter of cavalry close in our rear, and scarce had we got a hundred yards from the mole, before a small army of about a thousand foot, and as many horse, took possession of it, and encamped there, in battle array, for the night.

Then, 'laying on our oars,' we gave three hearty cheers, which brought a volley of musketry over our heads; after which we 'gave way' in good earnest; and after landing the Yankees aboard of their respective vessels, we pulled in high glee to the 'Shenandoah.'

This was our last exploit at Naples. On the morrow, a formal complaint being lodged against Hoyle by the Neapolitan government, the Commodore deemed it advisable to send the 'Shenandoah' out on a cruise, until the affair had blown over. Two days thereafter, the Spanish ambassador and the Marquis de Perot sent an address to the king, in which they separately congratulated his majesty upon having got rid of a '*devil*' and a '*beast*!'

The Marquis de Perot went into deep mourning, while the poor Countess of Livorno, who was inconsolable at the loss of her *cava-*

*lier servante*, in less than a month from his departure, actually died of grief, and *not*, (as was falsely asserted in the 'Gazzetta,') 'from swallowing a fish-bone.'

## CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

THE bell had just gone two in the morning watch, and we were lying becalmed off the island of Sardinia, the crew being engaged in the intellectual occupation of scrubbing decks, and Fearless and myself idly lounging in the port-gangway — when all the galley-cooks, headed by their venerable chief, Sandy Scott, made their appearance at the mainmast.

As they stood there, uncovered, waiting the approach of the officer of the deck, Mr. Bobstay, their countenances wore an air of deep dejection; and it was evident, to the most casual observer, that all was not right about the '*coppers*.'

'Well, Sandy, what can I do for you?' said Mr. Bobstay.

'Deed, Misser Bobstay, I'm gotten a berry onpleasant piece ob duty to perform, Sare, and dat's a fac; but we's all loadened wid our trials in disser mortal spere, bress the Lor!'

'Come, out with what you've got to say at once!' cried the impatient luff. 'I've something else to do beside listening to an old fool like you!'

'Ole fool, eh?' rejoined the offended Sandy, drawing himself up, and putting both arms a-kimbo. 'Well, all I'm gotten to say on dat tickler pint am, dat ef you, or any odder ob de officers, can find any man in disser ship, dat knowldges more about bilin ob de bean-soup, or keepin ob de coppers clean, dan wot disser chile does, jes you bring him along wid you, and I'll turn ober de galley to him *straight* — pots, sass-pans and all; and no questions axed — dat's wot I'll do — ole fool to be sure! De Lor knows, honey, old Commodore Hull nebber tought dis nigger one, dat day dat we lain so snug alongside de 'Give-em-are,' (dem dam Britishers wanted ob it bad enough afore we'd done wid dem;) nor old Commodore Bainbridge, nudder — him wot's dead and gone — de Lor be good to him! — de time wot we knocked dat ere 'Massa-do-nuthin'\* (as de captin ob our main-top berry properly called her) into a cocked hat — ole fool indeedy! I knows berry well, Sare, dat all ob you *youngsters* takes us ole ones for fools; but dere am two sides to dat ticklar pint, too, what I wont purtend for to 'scuss now, kase *I'm* got some ting else to do, as well as oder folks, Sare.'

Now if there was one thing more than another that pleased Mr. Bobstay, who was a gray-headed old bachelor, with matrimonial intentions, it was to hear himself called youthful; so tapping the old darkey gently on the shoulder with his speaking-trumpet, he remarked, blandly: 'I believe you *are* as brave an old fellow

\* SEAMEN have a most extraordinary facility for *distorting* the names of vessels. Thus, they call the 'Susquehanna' the 'Suffering Hannah'; the 'Cyane,' the 'Sighing Ann,' etc., etc.



as ever 'planked' a deck, Sandy; and if I can serve you in any way, I'll do so with all my heart.'

'Dare, now, Mr. Bobstay, you talks like a gentleman, you does; de Lor a massy, you boys is all alike, you is! — always gwine to fly off de handle! But, as I was a sayin' afore, I'm gotten a on-pleasant piece of duty to perform — 'deed I has, Sare!'

'Well, go on, Sandy.'

'Mr. Bobstay, Jocko's dead!'

'Jocko dead! what! the monkey?'

'Dat's him, Sare.'

'Why, I saw him playing about the rigging last evening, as lively as a kitten.'

'Dat's a sarcumstantial fac, Sare, but he's dead, nebber de less; and he so diwertin, too, wid his tricks!'

'And so fond ob ebbery body 'bout de galley,' said the ward-room cook.

'And sich a *soon* monkey, too,' cried he of the cabin.

'Uch, ah! he was all dat!' chimed in the others.

'Well, Sare,' continued Sandy, 'de manner ob de poor feller's deff was dis. You see, Sare, Jacko was berry like de culleded pussons, and could n't stan' de cold no how; so las night, when de fire was out in de galley, he don gwine, and crawl in de oben; and dare he lay berry snug and warm, I spose, till de day gin to break, at which time, I kindled ob de fire, and at de same time I don shet to de door ob de oben, kase I knowed de ward-room steward was a gwine to bake cakes for breakfast. 'T wan't long afore I heern Jocko scream. 'Who de debbil's a teasin ob dat ere monkey?' said I. But nobody answer; and den anoder scream, and den anoder, and anoder, and anoder on de top ob dat, too. At las, after runnin' all around, and ebbery which way, kinder 'stracted like, I 'gan for to 'spicion in my mind what de matter was, and peeped in de oben, and dare was poor Jocko almos' burned to a crisp. He libbed about two minnits after I haul him out, Sare, and den he dropped stone dead jes in front ob de range. And de objec of disser meetin' at de mast am, Sare, to ax you to pleas hab de goodness to luff us launch de body from de starboard gang-way, kase he was so 'spectable a monkey, as soon as de carpenter's mate's don finish a coffin wot he's a makin of for him now, Sare.'

'Most certainly I will, Sandy,' responded the juvenile Bobstay; 'and you may bring him up as soon as you're ready.'

Much gratified with this permission, the cooks *grinned* their thanks, and left the deck. In the course of an hour, however, they returned to it, bringing with them the mortal remains of their deceased comrade, which were borne on the shoulders of the venerable Sandy. They were all dressed in their 'mustering clothes;' and they looked as melancholy as the hired mourners at a rich man's funeral.

When they reached the gang-way, the body was deposited on the deck, for a few minutes, in order that the friends of Jocko might take their last look at his mirth-provoking features; which

ceremony being concluded, the corpse was consigned to the deep, amid the lamentations of the whole crew. In fact, I do not believe that the death of any officer or man in the ship would have caused such general regret as did that of 'poor Jocko.'

As Sandy turned to go forward, I noticed the tears coursing one after the other, down his wrinkled cheeks; and I heard him say, in reply to some consolatory words which Peterson was pouring into his ear: 'I knows berry well, George, dat you knowldges more 'bout most tings dan wot I does, but as to dat monkey's not having no soul, 'taint no kinder use for you to tell dis nigger notting 't all about it, kase in regard ob dat 'ticklar pint, dere am only ONE wot knows — and dat's de LOR A'MIGHTY. I knows dare's dose as says de monkeys an't got no reason nudder. Go way, childe! dey's got a heap mor'n de *common nig*, any day ob de seben. Why, it am mor'n eight year, George, sense I fust made de 'quaintance ob Jocko, kase you see we was ship-mates two cruises afore dis, and I nebber knowed him to do nuthin dat a 'spectable monkey need be 'shamed ob doin', no how. He war a little mischievyous, I allows, but den he nebber did a right down mean onchristian act, no, nebber! And so you see, George, I b'liebes myself — do I do n't purten for to say sartin — dat Jocko had a soul jes de same as you and I habs, and dat one ob dese days we be all a gwine to meet agin in Daby Jones's locker, kase people may call em monkeys and brutes and all dat, but I tinks dey's old-time people, I does — dat's wot I tinks!'

Thus fully expressing his *psychological* opinions, the old cook left 'the presence;' and when I next met him he was busily engaged in 'bilin ob de bean soup,' preparatory to giving the ship's company their dinner.

Fair and softly blew the northern breeze, and gayly the 'Shenandoah' danced upon the billows of the Sardinian sea, as we ran along the coast of Sicily; and every one was predicting a speedy passage to Malta, (whither we were bound,) when a little after mid-night, on the sixth day of August, Cape St. Marco bearing north, distant about ten miles, the wind came out but-end foremost, as the sailors say, from west-by-south, while the sudden fall of the barometer gave indication of the approach of one of those violent tornadoes which so frequently sweep across the southern shores of the Mediterranean, bringing death and devastation in their track.

All hands being called, the ship was placed at once under close-reefed topsails and courses, and hauled by the wind on the star-board tack, with her head to the southward; after which the top-gallant masts were sent on deck, relieving-tackles hooked, and, in short, every preparation made to breast the coming storm that good seamanship could dictate to men who, with

'THAT stern joy which warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel,'

were fully determined to battle with their enemy *à outrance*.

'We are clawing off well, I think, Mr. Garboard,' remarked the Captain at two in the morning, (as the master reported the vessel

heading south-by-east, making five knots;) 'and if it blow no harder, we'll be in a snug berth enough by eight o'clock.'

'It will blow a hurricane long before that, Sir,' answered the first lieutenant, in a subdued tone; 'and the sea is getting up fast, I perceive.'

'I know it well, Garboard,' hurriedly rejoined his superior, 'and I would give all I possess on earth for a little more sea-room; but as it is, we must make the best of it. We have but one resource —'

'And that is?'

'To carry sail as long as the masts stand!'

'And when they go?'

The Captain replied not; but he raised his eyes and hands toward heaven, and the look and gesture were more eloquent than words.

'Come, Garboard,' said he, at length, 'we must have no more of this. You and I are old and tried friends, and know each other's strength, but I would not, for my life, have the crew share our apprehensions!'

'You need have no fear on that score, so far as I am concerned, Captain Blazes,' cried Mr. Garboard, reddening to the temples; 'for —'

'Pray do n't misunderstand me,' interrupted the Captain, kindly and affectionately placing his hand on his lieutenant's shoulder. 'Believe me, Garboard, my greatest support during this trial will be to have *you* by my side.'

'May God bless you for those words, Sir!' And as the old salt spoke, unable to repress his emotions of gratified pride, he turned away his head to conceal the tear which was slowly trickling down his weather-beaten face.

By three o'clock the wind and sea had greatly increased, and the ship was laboring fearfully.

'Let the men and officers go below by watches, and refresh themselves with hot coffee, Mr. Garboard; we will need all their energies ere long,' said the Captain, quietly.

As I was seated cross-legged on the steerage deck, an hour or so after this, holding a pot of 'old Java' in my hand, which I was eagerly sipping, the hoarse cry of 'All hands!' resounding through the ship, summoned me to my post, and never, while life lasts, can I forget the appalling spectacle which presented itself to my horrified gaze, as I reached the upper-deck.

Day was just breaking; and, as far as the eye could reach to leeward, extended a rock-bound, surf-lashed shore, while the sky over our heads and the waves beneath us (save that their *crests* were fringed with foam) were as black as the shades of mid-night; and, as if these horrors were not sufficient to appal the stoutest heart, the roaring of the wind through the rigging, the creaking of the strained masts, and the groaning of the over-tasked vessel, were terrors that were *felt*, but can never, never be *described*.

'The masts are buckling like reeds, Garboard,' coolly remarked our commander. 'Send the men down from the tops!'

The first lieutenant had but just complied with this mandate, when, with a terrific crash, the topmasts went over the side, and at the same instant the courses blew out of the bolt-rope. The three lower stay-sails, which were bent in readiness for this emergency, were now hoisted; but although the 'Shenandoah,' lightened of her top-hamper, and relieved of her press of canvas, was comparatively easy, and 'lay to' like a duck, to use a favorite simile, the securing of the wreck was no trifling matter. At length, however, through the almost incredible exertions and indomitable gallantry of both officers and men, this difficult feat was accomplished, and, happily, without loss of life or limb. Yet, there lay the grim island to leeward — a monster Death! from whose clutches none could expect to escape — and our hearts sank within us, and all hope of deliverance was indeed taken away, when, in the course of an hour from the time of our losing our spars, it became evident to every man and boy in the ship, that, in addition to our *drift*, a current was setting us toward our enemy.

The cables were now bent, and every thing prepared for cutting away the lower mast, and coming to anchor on a lee shore — the starboard sheet-anchor being backed by the stream, and the other anchors with kedges — and Mr. Bobstay and the master having received their final orders, were sent on the main-deck with the port watch. After which the hatches were securely battened down fore and aft.

Then came the most trying time of all; when, there being nothing more to do, we were compelled (like a corps of veterans, exposed to the fire of an enemy, with orders to maintain their position without discharging a shot in return) passively to submit to our fate; and none but those similarly circumstanced can understand with what a feeling of absolute relief we realized the fact, about mid-day, that the struggle for life or death was at hand.

The Captain deeming it advisable to send the first lieutenant forward, now took the trumpet; and when we had approached within a mile of the shore, the ship, caught by a *roller*, suddenly falling off in the trough of the sea, and the quarter-master at the lead reporting 'twenty fathoms, and shoaling,' the stream-anchor was let go, and as soon as the stream-cable was taut, the weather-sheet. At the same instant, the staysails were hauled down and the helm put hard a-port; while clear and distinct through the trumpet, came the command to cut away the masts. But there was no need; for at this crisis, a high, combing sea came hissing and foaming over the weather hammock-nettings, just forward of the main-rigging, and when it left us, masts, spars, and boats, together with one officer and six seamen, were floating away to leeward. Yet, still calm and collected, amid the horror and confusion of this scene, our noble commander, and first lieutenant, retained their full presence of mind, instilling confidence into the breasts of all around them, by their manly bearing; and the orders to let go the other anchors were given and obeyed, with as much coolness and deliberation, as if the 'Shenandoah' was merely making a 'flying moor' in a snug harbor.

The ship now swung to her anchors, and after 'dragging' until they were in a line ahead, with an equal strain on each, contrary to the expectation of us all, 'brought up.'

Then followed a period of the most agonizing suspense, compared with which, all that we had previously endured was light and trifling; as, now elated by hope, now depressed by fear, we lay for four long hours, *balancing, as it were, between two worlds.*

During all this time, the sea made a clean breach over us, carrying many a poor fellow to his last account; while, high above the wail of the tempest, was heard the sullen roar of the breakers greedy of their prey. And as cold, wet, and trembling, I crouched to leeward of the capstan, to which I was securely lashed, I prayed, as I had never prayed before, that I might not be cut off in my sins.

But 'the voice of the Lord that stilleth the raging of the sea,' was heard at length upon the deep; and the winds were hushed, and the waves sobbed themselves to sleep, and 'there was a great calm.' And when night came, the sky was clear, and the moon arose, and the stars looked down upon us and smiled. Then knew we that we were saved, and with the knowledge came the remembrance of the dead: and silently we looked into each other's faces, and wept.

When day dawned, the crew was mustered, and it was found that Williamson, Duet, and nineteen of the men were missing.

The Captain then gave the order to 'pipe down,' and we all went below, (save the lieutenant of the watch and a quartermaster) to seek the repose which we so much needed; and when I again went on deck, which was not until long after mid-day, a British steamer was running down to our assistance. The anchors were now weighed, and the steamer taking us in tow, we were soon under way for the Island of Malta; and the next evening, as we entered the beautiful harbor of Valetta, I recalled to mind the words of the inspired Psalmist, and could scarce forbear crying aloud:

'They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in the great waters:

'These men see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep.

'For at His word the stormy wind ariseth, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

'They are carried up to the heavens, and down again to the deep; their soul melteth away because of the trouble.

'They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

'So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, He delivereth them out of their distress.

'For He maketh the storm to cease, so that the waves thereof are still.

'Then are they glad, because they are at rest: and so He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.'

## M I D - N I G H T .

BY HELEN EARLE

On my window-pane  
 The ceaseless, weeping rain  
   Is pouring, pouring :  
 And the wind the old trees rocking,  
 'Gainst the house their long arms knocking,  
   Like some mendicant imploring  
 For a shelter from the rain :  
 The sad wind-spirit's moaning  
 In its dreariness, well is toning  
   With my own,  
 As I sit within my chamber,  
   By my fire-side, all alone,  
 And list the wind's sad moan.

On my walls, and curtains white,  
 The dim, dim fire-light  
 Weaves such strange, fantastic shadows :  
 They are hiding in the gloom,  
 In the corners of the room :  
 Or their phantom forms are passing,  
 O'er the walls each other chasing,  
 Till a flame from out the fire  
 Mounteth higher still and higher,  
   And they vanish from my sight :  
 But the flame doth flicker, flicker,  
 And the shades are falling thicker  
 O'er curtain, floor, and ceiling :  
 The old church-clock is pealing,  
 And its solemn tones are telling  
   'T is the deepest hour of Night.

Yet with all my deep heart-sadness,  
 There's a thought of quiet gladness :  
   But 'tis as the Ocean's breast,  
 stillest when the Storm's wild madness  
   Hath been hushed and gone to rest :  
 And busy Thought is calling,  
 While the shades are round me falling,  
 Up sad phantoms — strange — appalling :  
 And down in the embers gazing,  
 I see, oh ! sight amazing,  
 In the flame and embers' strife,  
 A picture of my life.

Can it be imagination ?  
 Is this only Thought's creation ?  
 Nay, the picture is not bright,  
 In the fire's dull, fitful light ;  
 But deep shades the embers borrow,  
 To depict a life of sorrow.  
   'T is all like a troubled dream.



Far down Time's flowing stream  
 I see Care's darkening shadows,  
 And its banks are thickly strown  
 With the graves of hopes long flown:  
 And I see, with bitter tears,  
 How into the 'vale of years'  
 It is swiftly flowing on.

FATHER, thy stricken one,  
 I bow and own THY righteous, holy will:  
 And oh! these troublous thoughts, be still!  
 I ever need, I know, THY chastening rod,  
 I own, adore THEE as my LORD, my GOD:  
 And I would bear alone  
 These weighty sorrows, but my spirit's song  
 Is ever: 'FATHER, oh! how long, how long?'

*Allegheny City.*

# THE STRANGER AND 'OLD STEPHIE' THE FERRYMAN.

BY MISS MARY E. THROPP.

— 'WHAT heart could spare  
 To the cold cheerless deep  
 Her flower and hope?' — KEEBLE.

NEARLY opposite V —, on the north bank of the Schuylkill, stands a small deserted stone house, having but a room above and a room below. It stands solitary and alone, with the Schuylkill in front, and level green fields behind, stretching far away in the distance. This was once tenanted by a good, honest old Scotchman, named Stephen Mattison, commonly called 'Old Stephe,' who had tended the ferry, and was 'well to do in the world then,' as he quaintly expressed it; but since the towing-path was continued down one side of the river, he had managed to earn but a scanty support for himself and wife by his daily labor on the farms of the neighborhood. Old Stephe had, among many excellent traits of character, one or two prominent failings: he was self-willed, and sometimes, despite his Christian faith, apt to be despondent, especially when there was little work to be had, as was too often the case in the winter season. But his patient, hopeful wife, bustled about at such times, and made a great show of the potatoes, cabbages, and other vegetables she had raised in their little garden. Yes, Nellie was thrifty, and a 'canny house-keeper,' as Stephe often observed to his friends in confidence. And it was true, too, as any one could see who entered their humble apartment. To be sure, she was obliged to keep a curious assortment of articles in that one room: kettles and pans, and a barrel of 'middlings' for the pig,

all ranged on one side; but the deal table was white and clean, and the few chairs almost bright, and the cups and plates were ranged in seemly order along the mantel-shelf, at one end of which, like a treasure of known value, lay their BIBLE. There was nobody in the wide world equal to Stephe, in Nellie's estimation, and it was touching to see the trusting, admiring expression in her face as she listened to the 'gude mon' reading and expounding from that blessed book every night. She liked to hear 'nae body sae weel,' she was once heard to say: 'to be sure, Stephe had to spell a word betimes, but barrin that, he was a beautiful reader.'

At the time of which I speak it was February. The snow lay white and thick over the earth, when suddenly there came one of those warm spells of weather peculiar to this month. The snow began to melt, the ice-bound streams to flow, and there was every indication of a great thaw. All day long the warm sun shone brightly, but gradually a dense, heavy fog arose over all the land, till one could not see a friend's face at a stone throw's distance. Toward evening it commenced to rain, a heavy, continuous rain. All night it rained unceasingly, and all the next day. The river rose rapidly, and Nellie became alarmed when its cold still waters crept silently around and up to the very threshold of their little dwelling; but still the vast solid body of ice in the centre remained unbroken. During the day she had entreated Stephe at intervals to carry their movable furniture up-stairs, and then leave the house until the rain ceased, and the river fell. But old Stephe was a little 'heady,' as Nellie would have expressed it, and thought he knew best. The house had stood 'waur storms nor that,' he said; beside, was it not built on a brow foundation? She was always 'sae easily frightened, pour wee body; but noo there was na ony danger, God be thankit; nae'theless, he wad assist her, just to keep her mind easy like;' which he did accordingly, and they soon got every thing movable to the second floor. Hour after hour they waited, and hoped, and silently in their own hearts they prayed; but still the waters encroached, and the rain continued. They had been obliged to take refuge up-stairs themselves, and Nellie had ceased to turn imploring looks to Stephe now, for the water was filling the room below, and they could not leave without assistance. Suddenly there was a loud crashing noise. The Schuykill burst its strong fetters of ice, and rushed, and roared, and spread itself like an angry sea over the fields beyond Stephe's house. The frail tenement rocked to its centre in the shock, and the terrified couple rushed to the window and screamed loudly for assistance. Alas! what human help could reach them! Who could think of trusting himself in that fierce torrent among those fearful blocks of ice? Speedily their cow and pig were carried away, and unless the rain abated, they must soon follow them inevitably. Already among the cakes of ice, they could discern animals, trees, and cabins floating down in the gathering darkness. Already the flood was over their chamber-

floor, and it was heart-rending to hear their agonizing cries over the din and roar of the terrible waters. Who could bear to see them swept away without an attempt at succor? Poor old people! they were too good, too unoffending, and too much respected not to have the heart-felt sympathy and commiseration of the little band of men and women collected on a bluff on the opposite shore, trying to contrive what could be done for their rescue. In their eagerness to do something, a boat was procured, and ropes; but where was the man who could peril his life in that raging flood? or where was the wife or mother that could let husband or son go to almost certain destruction? It was not to be thought of, and all were standing uncertain what to do, while the torturing cries of old Stephe and his wife made themselves heard distinctly above the roaring of the river, when up came the proprietor of the public works of the village. All instinctively turned to him, for he was a kind-hearted man, and a generous one. He could not hear the cries of old Stephe unmoved: but what was to be done? He could not make the attempt himself, for there was a delicate wife and five fair children in his handsome home, to whom he was all in all. Standing in their midst, he made a short but moving speech in behalf of the old ferryman and his wife, and concluded by offering a hundred dollars to the man who should succeed in rescuing them. This was a tempting sum to these poor factory people, most of whom were, to use that expressive phrase of common parlance, from 'hand to mouth' in their way of living. There was silence for a moment or two, save the sullen roar of the river, and the screams of its victims, during which one or two of the men seemed irresolute, almost willing to go, when the womanly touch or whisper, that could not give them up, restrained them. At this juncture a messenger came, running almost breathless, from 'The Locks' a mile above, to say that the bridge near there had been swept away, and was now coming down the river, taking every thing in its way. Poor old couple! all gave them up now as lost; when, at this critical moment, a stranger of fine figure, and easy, commanding carriage, emerged from the midst of the little band, gave a few quiet but determined orders, and springing into the ready boat, rowed away in amongst the blocks of ice with an energy and strength that seemed almost superhuman. There had been lighted pine torches affixed to the prow and stern of the boat, and the dark, active form of the stranger could be seen distinctly, now rowing desperately, now springing out on huge blocks of ice, and pushing or pulling the boat; now borne down the stream in spite of every effort for a time; then rallying, turning, and pushing shoreward again like one sustained by miraculous power, until the little boat shot under the window of old Stephe's house. During that perilous passage, there was not a heart on shore that had not prayed for the safety of the daring stranger, and excitement grew intense, almost to agony, as the little boat with its added burden, was seen buffeting the waters again. The

rain which had ceased for awhile, now poured down in torrents. The torches of the boat were soon extinguished, and nothing could be heard but the rain and the roaring of the ice. Unmindful of the rain, and in breathless expectation, the men held out their lanterns, and strained their eyes to see through the thick darkness. Nothing could be seen; and oh! the long moments of intolerable suspense! The men could endure it no longer; they shouted and listened, but no answer came. Again they shouted, and again and again listened at intervals. At length, to their inexpressible relief, they were answered, and soon, by the light of the lanterns, could be seen the prow of the boat, and the stranger, erect and bare-headed, wielding a long pole, and struggling on with incredible difficulty toward the shore. A shout, loud and prolonged, rent the air, and in another instant a dozen stout hands were hauling the boat into the shore. As soon as it touched, the stranger sprang out, and lifting Nellie out, carefully and tenderly gave her in charge of the women, old Stephe following, all three evidently unharmed. Ostensibly to see Nellie, but really to see the stranger, lanterns were lifted to the range of the stranger's face. It was strikingly handsome and noble-looking, with classical features, large dark eyes, and a superb forehead, over which the rich dark hair swept in massy waves; but it was pale as death, despite the exertion, and so sorrowful in expression, that the hearts of the beholders were touched with sudden and involuntary sympathy. At this moment the proprietor pressed forward through the little crowd, offering the purse. A sudden gleam, accompanied by a haughty, impatient gesture, flashed from the dark eyes of the stranger; but instantly subsided into a melancholy smile and glance of indulgent pity as he took the purse, placed it in Nellie's hand, and bowing to the proprietor in a manner that commanded too much respect to admit of curiosity, silently withdrew.

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CHAPTER SECOND

'ALAS! in the depth of the human heart  
What agonized thoughts are nursed!  
What life-linked ties may be rent apart,  
Ere ever the full heart burst.'

THE bright sun shone as calmly down next morning over wreck and ruin as though no sorrowing heart, mourning over lost homes and lost possessions, were there to welcome him. It shone, also, on the pale, peaceful features of the dead. There was a corpse in the little village: the noble stranger of the night before had committed suicide! He had come to 'The Inn' only the evening before, and the landlord had found him next morning lying back in an easy chair beside the window, with his face up-turned to the silent sky — dead! Shot through the head by his own hand! The powerless hand, small and delicate as a woman's, had fallen over the arm of the chair, and the revolver lay on the floor by his

side. On a small stand near him was the miniature of a most beautiful woman, set round by diamonds of priceless value. Enough of the bust was visible to disclose a dress of blue satin, and there was a simple turquoise necklace encircling the faultless neck. The face was exceedingly fair, with large, tender blue eyes, and a white regal brow, from which the parted hair fell in a light crown of golden curls. The mouth was uncommonly beautiful, and there was an expression of angelic sweetness and innocence breathing from the whole face. On the stand also was a paper blotted and written over evidently at intervals during the night. It was as follows:

‘DEATH has no bitterness like life,  
Life with a wasted heart!’ — MISS LONDON.

How true! Unhappy L. E. L.! But she is at rest; a little prussic acid put an end to her sufferings. After ‘Life’s fitful fever’ she sleeps well.

‘The rain had ceased. Some prospect of clearing. Dreary enough, notwithstanding. Dreary without, lonely and desolate within. How tired I feel! If I could but sleep; but ‘there is neither sleep for my eyes, nor slumber for my eye-lids.’

‘Strong and well, not yet twenty-seven, and so weary of life! O God! this intolerable weariness! What a life-time of misery before me! I will not endure it! But to rid myself of this cursed existence without sin. How often have these verses, conned in childhood, rung in my ears. (John, tenth chapter, seventeenth and eighteenth verses.) ‘I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from ME, but I lay it down of MYSELF. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again.’ The power to lay it down, and the power to take it again, are equal. Both rest with OMNIPOTENCE. To rush unsummoned into the presence of God! Wretched man that I am! It is fearful! O God! be merciful! Any other, and that raging river would have engulfed him; but no. Well, for the old people, perhaps, it is better. They at least find life tolerable. They are together.

‘How her face haunts me to-night! It looked out at me from every flame of the fire till I put it out; peered over my shoulder in the mirror; gleamed up at me from between the blocks of ice in the river; followed me through the darkness every where. Not her face either — too melancholy. Let me see. How beautiful! No sorrow there. That serene forehead; those calm, soft, holy eyes, with the old loving light in them — just so they looked on *him* when I last saw them. Madness and misery! It burns, burns my fingers, up my arm into my heart. Prometheus vulture, it eats away fiercely: ha! ha! ha! ha! Deeper! deeper yet! Eat the life out! Impossible! — it grows too fast.

‘Homeless, with as fair an estate as there is in all England. The sole representative of a time-honored race, friendless, and a wanderer on the face of the earth. The whole earth stretches out before me one dreary interminable waste. I cannot keep myself

still, have no energy left to impel me on. I wander about without motive, without aim. A very Cain without a crime. My punishment is greater than I can bear.

'O Emily, Emily! how different it might have been! How I should have rejoiced to hear thy light step echoing in the halls of that old pleasant home! To see thy gentle, innocent semblance enshrined among the stately dames of the east gallery, the fairest, loveliest of them all; thyself enshrined in my heart, the honored, worshipped mistress of our happy home. It would have sheltered thee, my darling — my white, tender lamb! and thou couldst have made my happiness. What a fearful power to be vested in another! and she, that light-hearted, girlish being, to wield that power to my destruction. Was it wise, Emily, to discard the love that had grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, for one so utterly unworthy? He will trample on thy trusting heart till it breaks. My poor timid dove! God help thee! 'A wounded spirit who can bear?' I have borne it more than a year! What a life-time of wretched days and sleepless nights! I will bear it no longer!

'The stars are shining, and half the inhabitants of the globe are wrapped in slumber. Is there another among all God's creatures so wretched! desolate! used to sorrow! 'MAN of Sorrows,' have mercy on me!'

The stranger was laid to rest in the quiet grave, with the miniature of his beloved on his heart. It is a beautiful spot where they have laid him. The village cemetery covers a high bluff of the river shore, and there, on the farthest point of it, where there is the most beautiful view of the river winding its solitary way afar off, under tall trees, beautiful with sun-shine and verdure, and tuneful with the songs of birds and whispering breezes, a simple white cross points out the stranger's grave. An old white-headed man may still be seen there occasionally, watching the grass, and training the flowers his trembling hands have planted, with reverent care, and if you approach him with kindness of tone and friendliness of aspect, he will be very apt to tell you, with tears in his eyes, how the noble-hearted dead under that stone periled his life for him, a poor old ferryman; and as he goes on in his narration, he will point you to the old deserted stone house from which the stranger rescued him; and then, lowering his voice, he will tell you of the miniature of the beautiful lady of his love; and then, coming nearer, and in a whisper, while the tears course slowly down his furrowed cheek, he will hint about his melancholy death, and finally, with a fervent 'God rest his soul! turn away, and busy himself about the grave again. Poor old Stephe! a little while, a very little while, and there will be but that cross and this simple record to tell of the stranger's grave.

*Valley Forge, Nov. 7th, 1857.*



## F O R I T A L Y !

## AMOR OMNIBUS IDEM

## I.

On! for that land of ancient story,  
Where lingers still the gleam of glory  
Now no more :  
Italy, ever young and fair,  
Clime of the soft voluptuous air!  
Ah! Love, that we were wafted there,  
The wild seas o'er!

## II.

Ah! 'mid those ruins hoar and lone,  
Where shades of heroes still do roam,  
In love's entwine,  
That we might wander silently,  
And dream ourselves to times gone by,  
Yet feel unto each other nigh,  
Drinking Love's wine!

## III.

Or float amid those visions fair,  
Enwrapt in soft illusive air,  
Sweet imaged forms,  
On old cathedral walls that glow :  
And viewing there Love's bliss and wo,  
Still closer to each other grow,  
With Love's alarms!

## IV.

Or faintly float o'er moon-lit sea,  
Where Venice slumbers dreamily,  
Like sleeping swan :  
And listen to the oar-dipped hush,  
And warm the moon-light with Love's blush,  
And feel our souls together rush,  
And still glide ever on!

## V.

Oh! to breathe the love-warm sigh  
Within that sweet enticing sky,  
Far o'er the lee!  
There in the silvery boat of song,  
Launched from thy breast, to float along  
We two together, as if on  
A shoreless sea;  
Oh! for that land far o'er the lee,  
Love, with thee!

## M Y S P A N I S H N E I G H B O R .

It was through the tooth-ache that first I knew thee, O my beautiful Spanish neighbor! Is it for that reason that I always feel a pain, a sudden twinge when I think of thee? — or did other causes combine? But no; I will be more artistic, and not tell my story so immediately.

That night of tooth-ache! But as the story and the tooth are both *out* now, I can refer to it. In vain I wooed the soft and warm embrace of my pillow; in vain tried the becoming effects of a bandana tied above my organ of self-esteem; in vain tried sops of cotton, wet variously with laudanum, chloroform, or that hideously burning substance, the oil of cloves. I simply burned myself, embittered myself, or sickened me with fumes of chloroform; the tooth ached the worse for every application. I at length madly looked out of the window: was it a beaming star which rose before me? No, it was a dentist's light! What a moment, to plunge into boots and broadcloth, to tie the hastiest of neck-ties, to — At this moment I saw *two* stars. Yes, at this moment, looking (perhaps in a moment of aspiration) upward, I saw a light in an upper window of the house opposite to mine, and looking from that window the most beautiful dark-eyed — in short, I saw my Spanish neighbor! Could she, could this beauteous creature, be suffering too? could she have risen to seek relief from a raging — oh! call it neuralgia, not tooth-ache? — could she, like me, have variously tried the oil of cloves and other emollients, and, like me, have rushed to the window in despair at their utter inefficiency?

But pangs of physical anguish checked this burst of rapturous exclamation. Perhaps the chloroform had mounted to my brain; be that as it may, I was recalled by a plunge as of forty red-hot knitting-needles through my under-jaw. To the business of the moment; I rushed; I rang. I narrowly escaped being shot for a presumptive murderer by the timorous tooth-drawer; but there is something convincing in the accents of sorrow, and he let me in.

A gyration of the universe, Jupiter and all his moons dancing every where, and all was over. I returned home with a huge cavern in my mouth, and a feeling at my heart as if some very distant relative had died and left me an immense and immediately-to-be-realized fortune, no portion of which was in railroad stocks.

For a moment I had forgotten her; but entering my room, which was redolent of the fumes of chloroform and laudanum, I hastened to open the window and air the apartment. Again I saw the light; again a figure all in white, beautiful dark hair, and, what seemed to me, a lovely foreign face. The night was bright with a full moon, and I saw her very plainly. She had not moved, apparently, since I left. What could she be sitting there for, gazing at the moon?

I gazed too, charmed with her beauty, astonished at her taste, wondering at her probable reasons. At length, seeing her as motionless as before, (when the clock admonished me that I had gazed an half-hour,) and worn out with my sufferings, I at length gave up, and proceeded to go to sleep at the rate, to use a nautical simile, of ten knots an hour.

My first thought on waking, was to look from my window. Opposite, a dull, dead, white curtain met my view. I knew the house well. It was inhabited by a Spanish family, well known as such by the name on the door, and by their unmistakable physiognomies. But its inmates had seemed to be an elderly woman and two sons; no such vision of delight had ever gone in or out of that front-door, to my knowledge, and I had gazed at it vacantly for several months.

I was engaged at this time in studying my profession. During these days of intense application, for which I was distinguished at this period of my life, I sometimes sought a moment's distraction from the strain upon my intellectual faculties, in the soothing companionship of a cigar. During this temporary relaxation, I usually sat at my window, with my feet raised several degrees above my head, resting on the sill thereof, and gazed contemplatively across the street. My instructors, to whom I had confided this as my only habit of indulgence, were severe enough to say that I indulged in it too much; but I ask all candid observers, who have noticed the medical student any where, if they have not been struck by his ardent devotion to his studies, his quiet and sedate demeanor, his freedom from all those *escapades* which mark the youth of other men; and trusting in the unprejudiced verdict of these referees, I acknowledge this, my one indulgence. During these moments of ease, I had watched the out-goings and in-goings of all my neighbors; I had seen the dark old Spanish lady go in and out; I had seen two or three of her nation, apparently, come to pay her a visit; and I had often wondered that some kind sprite did not inform some young and handsome woman of the fact that I was looking out expectantly, and send her at least to call somewhere in the block, but such convenient little messenger never seemed to be about.

My studies of the day succeeding the tooth-ache were of such a dry and disagreeable nature that I determined to allow myself a greater degree of ease than usual; for I argued seriously with myself that the consequences of using the brain much after so severe a shock as the pain and subsequent extraction of a tooth, might prove too much, and I resolved not to impair my hopes of future usefulness by any such extreme devotion to the science of medicine.

I was very glad that I had so imperative a reason for not studying to-day, for I determined to watch at my window assiduously, and see my beauty go out, as doubtless she would do, during the morning. I watched in vain. The two young men went down to their business; the old lady issued from the door at eleven, and

returned at two; the white curtain was not raised during the day. At five o'clock, prompted by hunger, I left my post and went off to get my dinner. I returned in an hour, determined to watch. The white curtain was raised, the window open; no light, no lady.

I watched until eight. No one opened the door of the 'mysterious mansion of the Spaniard,' as Ollendorff would say in those German-English exercises of his; and then, disgusted, I went off to the theatre. I returned late, mounted to my room, and looked from my window. There was the same dark-haired lady, leaning against the window-pane, fair, motionless, and mysterious as ever.

This time I out-watched her. She slowly rose, pulled down her curtain; the light was extinguished, and I was convinced she was a mortal woman, and that I would find out more about her.

How to do it, was the next thing. I had counted on following her in the street, demanding the privilege of picking up her veil, or in some way attracting her attention; but if she slept all day, and merely arose for a little gazing at the moon, 'of nights,' I did not see how this could be brought about.

Perhaps — why had I not thought of that before? — she was ill, or perhaps had arrived the day before in the steamer, and was recovering herself from her fatigue! I would watch again.

And so I did, for a week; and every day's experience produced the same result. At length, I awoke regularly about two at night, went to the window, saw this motionless figure, sometimes left it sitting there, sometimes saw it rise and go away; but never did I see the white curtain raised in the day-time, nor any thing emerge from the street-door which could possibly be she.

I now determined to get into that house on some plea or other; but what? Should I adopt the *rôle* of the confidence man? or should I assume the dignity and blank-book of the census? Should I provide myself with door-mats which I wished to vend, or clothe myself in rags and go in and boldly demand work, as is so much the fashion now? Would I dare to be a distressed clergyman, or should I encounter that venerated gentleman there? My courage shrank from all these various modes of presenting one's self, so I took the brave step of advertising in the *Herald* that 'a young man of fascinating appearance and elegant manners, desiring to learn the Spanish language, would be glad to enter a family in which he could board, where he should hear that elegant language spoken.'

I took care that a copy of this *Herald* should be left at my Spanish neighbor's.

I regret to say they took no notice whatever of the advertisement, and that I spent the next three days in an atmosphere of garlic and pure 'Castilian,' of which I spoke not a word, absolutely having to kick several pertinacious gentlemen down the steps, who insisted on taking me off bodily to their residences.

Finally, unable to bear it longer, I walked over to No. Eighty-one, and rang.

‘Tell the lady of the house that a gentleman, Dr. Bascom, wishes to see her.’

I walked into a neat little parlor, and awaited, tremblingly, my interview with madame.

She came down, curtsied; I bowed.

‘Madam, you have, I understand, a room to let in your house. I have called to see if it will answer my purposes. Be kind enough to show it me.’

She looked at her servant, and said something in Spanish.

The woman interpreted for her.

‘We have no room; you have made a mistake; this is a private house.’

A thousand apologies, the door was opened, shut, and I departed, having achieved nothing.

Defeat sharpened my wits; I determined to get acquainted with the young men.

This I did not find very easy, as they had the reserve and silence of their nation in an uncommon degree. In vain did I pass up their sixpences in the omnibus; in vain suggest little remarks about the weather, the times, the news; they were uniformly polite, silent, and distant.

My joy was great, therefore, at seeing Manuel, the younger, come into the gymnasium where I was dangling from a bar, and strip off his coat preparatory to an hour’s exercise.

The extraordinary politeness with which I treated this young man finally made an impression on him; he recognized me as the obliging sixpence-handler, and was soon sufficiently melted to answer my remarks on the weather, and finally to walk home with me arm-in-arm.

What was my delight on coming out of a certain theatre one evening, where I had been admiring the dancing of Mademoiselle Léontine, to see standing on the steps thereof my friend Manuel, with a veiled lady leaning on his arm? I was sure it was she! I advanced, bowed, and spoke to him; he greeted me hurriedly, and evidently did not wish me to see his companion who was veiled.

I accordingly withdrew, taking to myself the liberty to follow at a respectful distance.

Yes, they entered No. Eighty-one. It was she!

That night I watched. The moon had disappeared, but the light in her room showed me the same melancholy attitude. The watcher was at her post.

The next day I did that which my cooler judgment now tells me was a very impertinent thing, but which my frenzied curiosity drove me to do. I referred to the evening before, and said to Manuel: ‘By the way, what a singular habit your friend has of looking out of the window all night.’

The clever little Spaniard did not evince the slightest emotion. ‘Yes,’ said he, ‘she sleeps ill, I have heard her say. She has left

Cuba forever! and she weeps for her country. She has sought under my mother's roof the repose and *privacy* she desires.'

'Charming Fillibuster! the doors that shut me from thee are closed, and locked, and bolted; but if 'Love laughed at locksmiths' once, he can again, and thy Bascom will reach thee yet!'

Thus apostrophized I to the mysterious dark-eyed one of Eighty-one.

I determined to write her. What could I say? What that would not bring upon me the scorn and contempt of the object of my adoration? for I had really wrought myself into a terrible state of enthusiasm for this daughter of the night. What could P. S. Bascom, Philip Samuel Bascom, poor medical student, have to say to the proud daughter of a Spanish grandee? 'Ah!' thought I, with the chivalry of Don Quixote, 'he can tell her he loves her; he can beseech her to allow him to look upon that face, to see more clearly its beauty; he can ask the privilege of hearing her voice—these are requests which cannot wound the pride of woman. The queen on her throne can suffer herself to be adored, and this humble flower of mine cannot injure my beloved if I but tear it from my heart and lay it at her feet.' *Thus, Bascom*, love makes heroes of us all, and I felt like the Chevalier Bayard, like Walter Raleigh, and all other gay and gallant knights.

My letter was a master-piece of devotion, gallantry, spirit, and generosity, beautifully tempered with self-respect and dignity, while throughout the whole played the glittering light of a vivid imagination and impassioned heart!

I told her all that which the reader knows. I did not mention the tooth-ache by name. I disguised it thus:

'One evening, suffering under one of the most cruel tortures which besets our common humanity—peculiar perhaps to those of a highly sensitive organization—I sought for relief. The soothing contemplation of the stars—stars indeed! the stars I *saw* were thy eyes,' etc., etc. 'My anguish was not relieved, but *transferred*—transferred to the heart!' etc.

I did not think it necessary to refer to the dentist. If truth demanded, romance forbade.

Then, going on in a style which is better imagined than described, I begged of her to vouchsafe me a token of her forgiveness of my presumption, and to allow me to see her. I begged of her to permit the approach of a respectful, timorous, chivalrous adorer, who asked but to breathe the 'richly-perfumed air of her presence,' (that was my expression,) and after giving her an address, I signed myself *Pelham*, which does not sound unlike Bascom, though it may be thought by some more romantic.

Strange to say, having been again attracted to the theatre, by the dancing of Mademoiselle Léontine, I again saw Manuel and his veiled companion on the steps.

They hurried on, and I followed. That night the watcher did *not* appear. The next morning a note did.

'Why do you seek, eloquent gentleman, to see one who is borne



down by misfortune? — whose beauty has been washed out by tears, whose brow is veiled with grief? Why did you, by your sufferings compelled, discover my mid-night solace, my lonely watching? Alas! that was all I asked! and that is taken from me: now that I know I am watched, I shall come to the window no more.

‘I shall admit no clandestine interviews. If you are a gentleman, and wish to know me, my friend, Mr. Manuel S —, in whose mother’s house I live, shall call on you, shall know you, and if proper, shall bring you to see me; until then, I am simply the

‘WATCHER.’

Ah! to find Manuel! to tell him my story: but what if I found him jealous, as of course, he would be? *But she had proposed it.* It was enough.

Manuel received my confidence with unmoved countenance. The only point which he seemed to consider of importance was, that I should prove myself a gentleman, by birth and surroundings: this I did not find it difficult to do.

‘For,’ said he, ‘Don Henriquez de Sanchez will not allow his daughter to know a man of inferior birth.’

I was not in an enviable state of composure when I entered Number Eighty-one, one Sunday evening, with my acquaintance Manuel, to be presented to Donna Isabella Carolina Maria de Sanchez. It struck me it was a rather sheepish thing to do: so evidently thought Manuel, whom I discovered smiling to himself.

However, when you are in the water, it is better to try to swim; so I summoned my native impudence, and dashed into the parlor, was presented as ‘Doctor Bas Count’ by Manuel to his mother, who saw, to her infinite amusement, that I was the gentleman who had tried to hire her rooms; to the elder brother, Don Juan, as they called him; and, O Dulcinea! to Donna Isabella.

How beautiful she was! how she cast down those lashes, so long and black! how modestly conscious, yet how gracefully self-possessed! how pretty her accent, how softly melancholy her voice!

I did not say much to her, but I *looked* a whole library of Byron’s poems.

I left at a late hour, after a little supper, and a permission from Madame S —, the hostess, to call again to see her on Sunday evening.

‘No other evenings?’ thought I.

No allusion to them, certainly.

‘Perhaps Doctor Bas Count will come and see us at three or four of the day sometimes?’ suggested Madame S —, seeing me linger.

Perhaps he would!

And so followed various visits, at the first of which Madame remained as duenna; after the two or three first, she disappeared discreetly, and the conversation glided from generalities into personalities.

Always shortly after four, Madame appeared, and Maria Isabella Carolina disappeared: I never could induce her to remain.

'You must not ask me why, or where I go,' she would say with a full sigh. 'The daughter of Henriques de Sanchez, the patriot, the exile, has many melancholy secrets.'

However, the daughter of this illustrious man became, day after day, more confidential; and I found gradually, that she was in correspondence with some members of her father's party; that she spent the day in writing, and never went out until evening, as her father wished her to avoid observation. And when I asked deferentially to be allowed to go with her to the theatre, she said decidedly: No; that Manuel or Juan were, with their mother, always her attendants; that they were deeply in the confidence of her father, and his party, and she could not on any account accept my escort.

'If you have chosen, dear Bas Count,' she would say, 'to fall in love with a *politician*, you must bear the consequences. Perhaps the future of Cuba is in my hands! I cannot, I will not risk her freedom! I do wrong, dear Bas Count, in allowing you to love me; but I am weak, and a woman — and —'

And then followed all those arguments, so sweet to hear, so silly to write; those true and convincing statements which many a donkey — I would say, young gentleman — has heard, and believed to his cost.

In vain did I urge that she 'should not give up to party what was meant for mankind,' and that she should call me by my name. Her little foreign tongue persisted in disguising my name; her little brave heart was bent on filibustering.

One of our amusements was this: I had promised to never follow, or try to ascertain where she went of an evening; and she in her turn would often tell me to go to some other well-known place of amusement, and watch, and see if I could detect her. I once asked her if she went no more to the place where I had seen her. She said: No; that she was tired of Mademoiselle Léontine, and she went there no more. 'Beside,' she said, 'some persons had tried to get in her private box, and she feared she was watched, and suspected of going there.'

So I haunted constantly the opera, and various other places of amusement, but so adroitly did she manage, that I never saw her.

We had become acknowledged lovers; I called her 'Maria;' not *Anglice*, but Spanish Maria; the sweetest of names. She called me Filipe. We wrote to each other daily, and saw each other nearly as often. She told me her past life, and I told her mine. How different they were! Hers passed in sunny, gay Havana; mine in cold, austere New-England; hers in a superb chateau with slaves and a duenna; mine in a quiet, plain house, with a mother and sister, and one or two old family servants. How many agreeable subjects of conversation this difference gave rise to!

'Shall I go and live with that dear mother and sister of yours, dear Filipe,' she said, 'or where shall we live?'

True, I had not thought of that — where should we live? I fully intended to marry Maria as soon as Don Henriques returned,

and I could gain his consent ; but as to forming any plans for *living*, I had been too much in love for that.

It suddenly occurred to me : How would this sunny creature, this

‘Beaker full of the warm South,’

this daughter of luxury, bear the fate to which I should bring her ? How could she endure to become Mrs. P. S. Bascom, with nothing a year, and two rooms of a house, from which we should watch for my first patient ?

My dear mother and sister ! they rose up before me, living on their slender income in the country, and dreaming of my brilliant future ! How they had begged to add to my slender patrimony out of their small means, but how indignantly I had refused !

‘You have enough, Philip, to support you creditably, while getting your profession,’ said my mother ; ‘if you want any more, write to us ; we can economize, and we can always *sell the ponies*.’

‘The ponies’ were two pretty white horses, sent as a present by a rich uncle, and formed the only extravagance of our little household. With them my mother and sister drove out daily, and were reminded of days of greater prosperity. Much happiness surrounded the idea of ‘the ponies,’ and I indignantly answered that I should as soon sell her as the ponies.

Now, alas ! many months had elapsed since I had seen or heard from ‘the ponies.’ My heart was gone elsewhere ; my eyes were anointed ; I saw nothing but my love. My *chateau en Espagne* occupied me in more senses than one.

One day Maria said to me, blushing : ‘You may write to papa, dear Filipe ; he will not be here for many months.’

So I wrote, asking for his daughter. In due time, I received through the fair hands of Maria, the most stately Spanish epistle, giving a dignified consent, if I could assure his good friends Manuel and Juan S——, of my fitness for the position I desired to occupy in his family.

A man does not like to confess his poverty to the woman he loves, but he is sometimes obliged to do it. My fillibustering papa-in-law would not be apt to have a large fortune *left* ; but with his grandee notions, I knew he expected that the suitor of his daughter would have that agreeable appendage. What was my delight, therefore, when in the midst of a humiliating confession of poverty, Maria stopped me, saying, with her soft white hand over my mouth :

‘I have a little fortune of my own, dear Filipe, and you have a little ; on our united fortunes, we can live.’

I had written to my mother to send me some money ; I had even hinted at the sale of the ponies !

I lived in a feverish dream ; Maria still kept her life and its occupations a secret from me ; I grew jealous, and demanded to see her in the evening, to know where she went, to accompany her, to be admitted sometimes in the evening of other days than Sunday.

'Ah!' said she, mournfully; 'must I, then, relinquish the love of country and kindred to a stranger? Must I cease the good I am doing to unhappy Cuba, and either betray the best of fathers and purest of patriots, or lose the happiness of a life-time? Cruel Filipe! you know not what you ask!'

But I was firm; I stood on my reserved rights; she had promised to marry me, and I demanded to know more of my future wife.

She grew pale and tearful. 'I might have known it,' said she. 'The leaders of our cause hesitated to trust me, because they anticipated this; I thought to avert it by shutting myself up. How could I suppose that my solitary watchings would betray me? but it shall all go—country, freedom, friends—all for thee, my Filipe!'

And she threw herself into my arms, and hid her beauteous face.

Of course, I considered every thing explained. 'To-day—to-night, Filipe, I will give back my papers—give up my correspondence! I will see those noble Cubans in whose confidence I am, and tell them all. They will be disappointed, for I have been able, with my knowledge of English, to do them much good; but it is past: come to me to-morrow, day or evening!'

I was delirious with delight; what a sacrifice she was making for me! for her love of country was a passion with her.

That evening, the last of my lonely ones, I started off to the theatre. I thought I would go and see Mademoiselle Léontine dance. To my surprise, the bills informed me that Mademoiselle Léontine had broken her engagement, and was gone—no one knew where.

I was in no mood to speculate on the caprices of a *danseuse*. If any women have a right to their 'pretty ways,' I am sure this respectable class have; and I carelessly turned away, and went somewhere else.

Next day I spent with Maria, uninterruptedly. She gave me some account of the sorrow of her fellow-fillibusters at losing her, and also showed me a note, thanking her for her past devotion, signed, I should say, by all fillibusterdom.

'Why,' I asked her once, 'have you never tried to convert me to your cause?'

'Ah!' said she, 'my Filipe, you are not the man for a crisis like this; you know nothing, you care nothing for unhappy Cuba! your soul is wrapped in your noble profession! You seek to save, while the man who espouses this cause, must *kill*—which you could not do.'

I must say I had my doubts whether I should not be more dangerous to my fellow-creatures, if I staid at home, and pursued my 'noble profession' in the way in which I had, for the last few months, than if I sailed off with the most furious fillibustering intentions.

I received at this time a most affectionate letter from my mother

and sister, inclosing a draft. It was for a considerable amount, for them. They said the ponies had not yet found a purchaser; but they had long felt the necessity of selling them, as they were more trouble than pleasure, all of which was to me perfectly transparent, and did not deceive me in the least; but it absolutely gave me a certain gratification.

'What a lord of the creation man is,' thought I; 'one woman gives up her country, her parent, the hopes of a life-time for him, and another gives all that she has, and pinches herself, that he may have a new pleasure!'

The thought that I was a very selfish wretch, did not obtrude itself on me at this time; that was reserved for the future.

What I could want of so much money, was, of course, a matter of speculation to my dear mother. Did I wish to get a new set of instruments, a library, or did I find the expenses of living so much greater? and she added with maternal dignity and sweetness, 'I shall not press for a reply to this question; but I know my son too well to believe that he will spend so large a sum on his pleasures.'

Dear woman! — However, Maria was across the street, and waiting for me; I could not stop then to reflect.

With characteristic love of privacy and retirement, Maria suggested that our wedding should be perfectly quiet, known only to ourselves, and the family, already in our confidence. She objected to my writing to my mother and sister.

'Take them your bride, Filipe; they will love her because she is yours!'

I acquiesced in this reasoning, for I saw that those relatives of mine would oppose, with some rather unanswerable arguments, my taking a 'bride,' be she ever so lovely, at my mature age of twenty. So, blind and crazy with my passion, I consented to every thing.

I saw less and less of Manuel and Juan; in fact, I cared very little for them, or any body else. Madame, too, dropped off in her visits to the parlor. Speaking very little English, her remarks were always interpreted to me, mine to her. The gate of language being shut, the flow of thought between Madame S — and myself, was neither full nor free. It suddenly struck me that I saw less of Manuel and Juan than was quite natural: I asked my beloved the reason.

'They are very busy with their Cuban affairs; I cannot tell you more; one or both may soon leave the city; and, perhaps, I should not conceal it from you — Juan entertains a profound passion for me, and cannot bear the sight of your happiness.'

'And Manuel, has he not loved you?'

'No; Manuel has a wife.'

'A wife! well, you Spaniards delight in mystery; where is she? why does she not appear?'

'There is some difference, just now.'

Maria blushed ; it was as I expected, both brothers loved her ; the one in spite of his bonds, and she had repulsed them both.

My wedding-day came ; I spent it in writing a sonnet to my bride, in looking again and again at my blue coat, white satin waistcoat, black pantaloons. The blissful hour was eight in the evening. At seven, I commenced my toilette. In that moment of blissful feeling, and white satin waistcoat, I received this remarkable note :

‘*Off Sandy-Hook.*

‘DEAR SIR : You are deceived : do not pronounce the vows ; avoid going to the church ; she is not Maria de Sanchez !

‘JUAN S ——.’

Base, wicked Spaniard ! He thought to fling this poisoned arrow, and wound the woman who had spurned him ! I saw through the miserable deception ; I was unmoved.

The carriage was at the door ; Maria, beautiful in white, Madame S ——, dark as night, were soon inside ; I was in mid-air !

We entered the church ; the priest awaited us ; we pledged our vows ; we were united by the holy rites of the Catholic Church ; I kissed the pure lips of my bride — when an individual stepped between us, with :

‘Madame Léontine S ——, I arrest you for bigamy, by order of your husband, Manuel S ——.’

A general reminiscence of screams, knocks, resistance, capture, and blue lights dancing before my eyes, is all that remains to me of this scene.

I was but twenty ; I was madly in love ; I had been deceived in the most cruel manner. I may be forgiven for having a fever, in consequence, without detriment to my manliness, I hope.

I know not in what state I was, when the priest and policeman assisted me into a small room off the church.

‘My wife — my bride — where is she ?’

‘Never you mind your bride, youngster ; she is an old head ; I’ve caught her before, and now I have her again ; but law ! she’ll get away. She and her husband is up to this sort o’ game ; but he thought she was n’t playing of him fair, this time ; so she’s got to suffer. You an’t killed, though you air scotched considerable. How much have they got out of you, first and last ?’

My tongue ‘clave to the roof of my mouth ;’ I thought I should go mad. The old priest gave me something to wet my lips, and began talking to me in an unworldly kind of voice.

‘Young man, you are only one of many, who have been deceived. This man and woman are fond of this game, though they usually stop with getting your money. In this case, the parties have quarrelled. The woman having fallen in love with you, has refused to rob you ; her husband, indignant at her want of faith, has retaliated upon her.’

My only answer to all this, was :

‘Wherever you have taken her, take me ; I wish to see her.’

‘No, Sir ; quite *impossible* ;’ said my learned friend in gray.



'She's usually pretty cool, even when found out; but this time, she took on! She said she would have you; she loved you, and all that; but I says, Now you do n't do nothing of the kind; you be easy; and she says: 'Officer, do n't tell him where I am; do n't let him come near me; I will write him a letter; now I never asked any favor before; but do n't let him see me; I could n't bear it.' And says I: 'Mamselle Léontine, you are very much of a lady, and I will prevent it, particularly as I'm very sorry for the young gent, who an't accustomed to your present lodgings.' So I was cheerful and pleasant, and Mamselle, she got quiet; and you need n't hope to see her.'

The priest was now my only hope. I told him my story: 'Sir, I love this unfortunate woman; deceiver and adventurer though she be, I cannot but share her fate. I desire that you use your influence with this man, or tell me where she is!' And I sunk down on the sofa, shuddering at the thought of the exposure of that face I had so worshipped—that tender and graceful figure, to the rough grasp of a policeman, the horrible contact of—I knew not what.

But it was beating one's head against a stone. The kind old priest took me home, and staid a long time with me. How much of human nature he knew! Not a word of my own folly, not a word of reproof, but now and then an admirably told story of his own youth, of the temptations of young men: of the 'uses of adversity,' he said nothing; he probably thought I should find out those for myself.

The next morning, he brought me with his own hands, the following letter:

'I could not resist the temptation of the little romance which your curious discovery promised to lead to. The fact of your discovering my sitting at my window, simply to compose myself for sleeping, after my professional labors, was something new, piquant, and interested me. Manuel was my tool, and effected the acquaintance, as you know. It was my pleasure to appear to you a lady, a noble and pure woman. How delicious have been to me these three months, full of respectful devotion, so different, alas! from that which I receive generally! I pride myself on playing with my victims, without feeling any compunction myself; as a French writer says: 'Women have the disdainful ferocity of bears; they wish to tear their victims while yet alive.' But I had a vulnerable spot left; I fell in love with you. It is not strange; I had not before been so truly, so purely loved.

'You may ask, How I disguised myself so well? That was not difficult, when I saw there was no suspicion; when you knew me better, I managed that you should not go to see Mademoiselle Léontine. Even then, I could have baffled you. When Manuel found I really loved you, we quarrelled; but I kept him appeased until I knew he was to leave the country; but the serpent found time to sting.

‘I did mean to marry you; to leave this city; to pass with you a year or more (if I did not weary of you,) in the country. Then, if I loved you much, I should have told you my story, and have borne all your anger, perhaps your rejection and scorn. If I had *not* loved you, I should have left you suddenly; and you would not have known me, save as the pure and faithful Maria.

‘You ask, Why? Because women are fools, and tell every thing to the man they love; nothing to him whom they do not love, except what he wishes to hear. Love drags his victims to the altar of truth, remorselessly, even if there they immolate themselves.

‘You have a perfect right to hate me; I hope you will; it is the severest part of my punishment to fear that you still *love* me, and will continue to. To prevent that — no, you can do nothing. Time alone can do you good. To tell you the story of my past life would not do it; you would still see a woman’s generosity running through its dark and guilty pages; you would see the sad but interesting spectacle of a mind somewhat cultivated, and worthy of better things, gone — lost — wilfully thrown down the gulf; you would see the desire for a better life, burning brightly, to be extinguished as quickly.

‘If you feel a desire to punish me, I will show you how to do it; or rather to convince yourself that it is done: remember all I *seemed*, and consequently what I *could* be, and contrast it with what I *am*!

‘Do you remember what Danté said was written on the gates of hell? Farewell, MARIA.’

In one of the good priest’s visit to me, during the next fortnight, I asked him if it were a common thing to find so much education and talent in an adventuress, as Mlle. Léontine had shown?

‘Ah! my son, that is the saddest chapter in the history of humanity! a little talent and many French novels can make so much of a woman! and I believe they know how to write letters before they can speak.’

It was a good month before I was able to travel; I walked into my mother’s parlor one morning, a perfect object, as far as bones and sallowness were concerned, and exclaimed:

‘Are the ponies sold?’

‘Why, Philip, why! no! but they shall be! Where is your flesh? Are you ill? Why, what does this mean?’

‘The ponies are *not* sold! Thank fortune for *one* favor!’ And I sank into the arms of the nearest rocking-chair.

One thing, by the way of caution, to the unmarried.

It is now some years since I espoused my dear present Mrs. Bascom, who happens to be named *Maria*, (not Spanish, but English Maria; still, a very sweet name.) Mrs. B. (who is a very good house-keeper) found, in our garret, an old trunk. It struck Mrs. B. that it would hold some of her vast possessions, in the way of old flannel, or rags, or some treasure of that nature.

She opened it; clouds of dust arose; Mrs. B. thought (she is an imaginative woman) that it might be the identical oaken chest, with G  nevr  's remains — no, it was only a leather trunk. Mrs. B. took out a suit of clothes, old-fashioned, but in good preservation; blue coat, brass buttons, white neckerchief, black pantaloons, white satin waistcoat! Mrs. B.'s eyes (as I presume) began to enlarge. She felt in the pockets; nothing rewarded her search; it was very strange; the waistcoat pocket, a paper; she opened it — a sonnet to 'Maria.'

'Ah!' thought that excellent woman; 'to me!' So she read it, (I pity her,) thought it very obscure, but concluded that that was the nature of sonnets; looked (practical woman!) to see if there was any more; no: looked at the pantaloons: a date: written on the watch-pocket.

'Ten years ago! I had no idea he loved me so long ago!'

When I came home, a sickening feeling came over me, as I saw this long-forgotten suit of clothes pretentiously spread out over the chairs in my bed-room: 'Why were these clothes put away? they never seem to have been worn.'

I looked them over; pretended to have forgotten; looked up, down; put my hands in my pockets, swallowed several times, and not having any thing to say, remained silent.

How I wished I had had a brother; but Heaven had denied me that privilege, so I could not say that the clothes had belonged to him. Then Mrs. Bascom, looking very roguishly, handed me the sonnet: 'I did not know you loved me so long ago, Philip,' giving me a small kiss.

That was too much; I could not deceive the good soul any longer. So I told her the whole story; telling her she might sell the clothes to the Jews, which obliterated any feeling she might have had; for the selling of old clothes is her passion.

She said it was a very good story. She advised me to write it down, and I always take her advice.

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SONNET: AMOR OMNIBUS IDEM.

Words need not wing their murmuring flight, when by  
 Thy side I sit: still dreams of peace float o'er  
 My tranced soul, as clouds of summer soar  
 Dreamily o'er and o'er a summer sky.  
 Enough, if I but know that thou art nigh,  
 If I but faintly hear the tremulous sigh  
 That timidly to thy breast again retires,  
 Or see thy bosom heave, as it were borne  
 On waves of love, or kindle 'neath the fires  
 That burn within thine eyes — an endless morn  
 Unto my soul — or touch entrancingly  
 Thy hand, or keep it lingering in mine own.  
 Alas! that — no, into despair's low moan  
 The wish shall die — I dare not breathe it thee.

## M Y H E A R T A N D I .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR

'Now to Dream-Land will we, weary, weary Heart,' said I;  
 'For the sun-set's golden castles darken in the western sky;  
 And the lake, far in the distance, soon will twinkle with its stars,  
 Brightest shining where it mirrors all the fiery disk of Mars:  
 And the river, with its bubbles glittering less and less each breath,  
 Not inaptly may resemble that old Poet-river, Death,  
 As it glides away through shadows fearful, dense, and dark;  
 And no fancy need inform us, 'Theré's the Stygian Boatman's bark!''

Then, within our curtained chamber, went my weary Heart with me;  
 Bending I as bends the pale moon to the ever-throbbing sea:  
 And we sought the realm of Dream-Land through the heavy gates of sleep;  
 But in vain. Both could not enter. Which shall wait, and vigil keep?

'Nay! O weary Heart! Too often hast thou waited here; too long  
 Tarried, while I chase through Elf-Land all its airy phantom throng.  
 We will watch, to-night, together. Thou shalt throb, and I will sing:  
 Throbbing loudly, singing proudly, of whom Elf-Land cannot bring!

'Come, my Heart! I seek not beauty, famed in books, or legends old —  
 Feigned by poets, drawn by painters, sculptor-carved from marble cold:  
 Seek no queen, or crowned or crumbled since to base plebeian dust:  
 Seek no maid or matron, sighing for a diamond, weeping for a crust.

'Ours is earthly, though not earthy is our loved one, mine and thine;  
 And if e'er I build for mortal temple grand or lowly shrine,  
 She shall be our goddess; and we'll heap her altar high  
 With the purest earth can yield us from the world of sea and sky:  
 Pearls of India, spice Arabian, tenderest fruits, and flowers  
 Gathered in from CERES' harvest culled from FLORA's hidden bowers.

'In the 'Legend of Good Women' CHAUCER names not one more fair:  
 In his story of 'Fair Women,' none so good has ALFRED there,  
 Ours is fair, but not in lines that mark the sweet-faced, pensive Nun:  
 She is rich, but not in honors fickle CLEOPATRA won:  
 She is wise, yet not in wisdom such as Fashion dreams is best:  
 She is all that I would have her — she is all to make me blest.

'It may be that, basking only in the sun-light of her eye,  
 I have slept while through the mid-night swept the constellations by:  
 Or, like some young Hebrew maiden, palace-prisoned from her birth,  
 Came to think the hills around her were the boundaries of earth!  
 Be it so. Through all the ages which the joyous earth has run,  
 Pleasure has not always tarried longest with the wisest one:  
 And the joys which Wisdom proffers those who deepest seek her gold,  
 Linger till the souls that sought them, to enjoy them are too old.'

O the dreams that Youth will fashion when the roses deck the earth!  
 O the fancies that must vanish ere the yule-tree warms the hearth!

Vainly Autumn would deceive us with its summer-semblance wan ;  
 For the brown leaves, in the north wind falling, strew the faded lawn ;  
 And the Snow-King, gliding silent downward past the glittering eaves,  
 Shrouds our loves, and bears them with him to the burial of the leaves !

‘ I remembered, in the spring-time fire-flies thread the haunted glen,  
 And the heat that makes them golden, warms the torpid blood of men.  
 I remembered, in the spring-time sails adventurous court the breeze,  
 Which, ere Autumn will restore them, wafting home rich argosies.  
 I remembered, in the spring-time future harvests must be sown,  
 And, that Love’s young bird, unprisoned, from his cage will then have flown.

‘ Nay, but she was false who won me ! Deeming that her smiles were true,  
 Stood I, like some ‘ planet-watcher,’ when, away through heaven’s deep blue,  
 Comes a new world, or a lost one, flaming on his tranced view !

‘ Was it well she should deceive me ? It was well that I should turn,  
 Fierce Iconoclast, and break my idol ; break, and weeping, burn.  
 In the bayou, where the serpent makes his slimy, poisonous lair ;  
 And the boughs of trees, o’er-arching, shut away the wholesome air :  
 There, where Murder wiped his knife against the ever-quivering tree,  
 (Did I slay her ? God ! she would have murdered me !)  
 There she sleeps, with no one near her : but the church-yard holds a tomb,  
 Empty ; and though words be in it, only one can tell her doom !

‘ When the Brahmin fires his temple, casts his ivory-gods away,  
 ’T is to worship in a holier, lighted by a purer ray :  
 When, O weary Heart ! our venture sunk beneath so smooth a wave,  
 Did earth promise us no comfort, save in silence and the grave ?

‘ Westward lie the broad savannas ; westward roll the tides of men :  
 On the prairies join the nations in one brotherhood again.  
 In the West a nobler empire shall behold the sun arise :  
 In the West, a brighter sun-light than is flushing Grecian skies.  
 Cities rise, and iron arteries throb along the flowery plain ;  
 Rivers, washing golden channels, seek a pathway to the main ;  
 Down the valleys richer harvests in long waves of affluence sweep ;  
 Forests, wooed by whispering south-winds, crown the distant mountain steep.

‘ Commonwealths, unswayed by faction, soon will stretch from shore to sea,  
 And the present be forgotten in the future that must be.  
 Self will then not reign supremest ; gold no more be all in all :  
 Life’s best purposes completed, Death, like sleep, will on us fall :  
 Youth will murmur all its fancies ; Age, its weakest, fond conceits :  
 And no spectre dare disturb them with its saddening whisper, ‘ Cheats !’  
 Art’s high temples, with those other, holier yet than Art can rear,  
 Soon will echo with His praises, tender swelling through each year ;  
 And the stripes that wound the SAVIOUR, seen and known no more,  
 Will proclaim that man’s long battle with himself at last is o’er.

‘ Now to Dream-Land will we, wearied Heart,’ again said I ;  
 ‘ For the sun-set’s golden castles all have darkened in the sky ;  
 And Concordia’s lake is twinkling with its multitudinous stars,  
 Brightest shining where it mirrors all the fiery disk of MARS :  
 And the Mississippi bears its bubbles farther downward every breath :  
 We are sweeping, too, like bubbles, onward toward the Gulf of Death.’

*Natchez, (Miss.) Sept., 1857.*

## T H E B A N K - N O T E .

'You would scarcely think I had been in the State's Prison, would you?'

'In the State's Prison!' I echoed. 'Oh! of course you mean as a visitor,' and I felicitated myself that my good-humored host had not 'sold' me.

'No; I mean as a convict.'

'As a convict!' I echoed again, dropping my pipe in my amazement. 'Impossible!'

'True, nevertheless.'

Mrs. Elmore raised her eyes from her knitting, and looked at her husband, and then at me, with a sort of sad smile, that seemed to say: 'True, every word of it.'

Mr. Elmore was a planter living near Natchez, in Mississippi, and I, fancying myself an artist, was at that time staying at his house, ostensibly engaged in painting a portrait of his daughter Annette, a fair young beauty of seventeen.

True, my stay had already been longer than was strictly necessary for purposes of painting, but for reasons which will appear more fully hereafter, I still lingered on the plantation, an honored guest. And often, in the calm autumn evenings, we would all sit together on the verandah, and talk for hours in a home-like, old-fashioned way, under the shadow of the clinging vines.

'In the state's prison as a convict!' I repeated, after a pause, inwardly wondering how it could be possible that that mild, benevolent old gentleman could ever have been so abused.

'Perhaps you would like to hear how it happened?' he said, inquiringly.

'Most certainly — if you are willing to narrate it.'

'I have never spoken of it since I have been here; but if you will listen to-night to an old man's babbling, I will tell you the story.'

We replenished our pipes, settled ourselves in our seats, and just when the sun went out of sight, the old man began his story.

'Forty years ago to-day, I was twenty-two years old, and, improbable as it may now seem, I was practising law in the city of Boston. Or, rather, I was sitting in my office, waiting to practise. My father, who had died when I was but a boy, had been a lawyer before me, and it was my ambition always to be like him as I dimly remembered him, and as my mother described him.

At that time my mother and myself were living together in a little house in Roxbury, and I had just begun to see some prospect of success in my business.

'There was an acquaintance of mine, Louis Milton by name, at that time cashier in one of the city banks.

'Circumstances had thrown us much together, and we had grown to be very good friends, so much so that he had often



spoken to me of a certain Mary Marshall, whom he was accustomed to regard as his future wife; the contract, for such only it could be called, having been entered into years before by their parents.

Weston Marshall was a wealthy importer, and the elder Milton chief owner of the bank in which Louis was cashier. Both were wealthy, and both aristocratic, and hence the foundation of the contract. I had never seen her, and never thought of her but when he spoke of her, little dreaming that she would one day indirectly effect a thorough change in my whole life. But I must not anticipate.

‘I shall never forget, one snowy night, the first time I ever saw her. Some theatrical celebrity was ‘starring’ at one of the Boston theatres, and Louis and myself, happening together in the evening, strolled to the play. In one of the intervals between the acts, Louis turned to me and asked:

‘Have you ever seen Mary?’

‘I answered that I had never had that pleasure.

‘Do you see,’ he said, directing my attention to a remote part of the house, ‘that young lady dressed in purple, with dark plumes in her hat?’

‘I replied that I did.

‘Well, that’s Mary.’

‘Placed as we then were, in the glaring light, I could see little beyond the particulars of dress he had remarked; but the chances of the crowd, as we left the theatre, brought us quite near her, and I thought then, as I think now, that I had never looked into a pair of deeper or more heart-full eyes. But we passed on chatting pleasantly together of indifferent things, and that night I slept as sound and dreamless a sleep, as if there were never a woman in Christendom.

‘Mayhap you have noticed—if you have what people call ‘an ear for music,’ you certainly have—that you may listen to a piece of music which shall strike you as being peculiarly beautiful, and go away, and one hour afterward you could not recall, so as to articulate, a single note of it, though your life depended upon so doing. And yet, days afterward, when you least expect it, you shall catch yourself humming strain after strain, as easily as if you had known them from childhood; and in truth it shall seem more like an echo of something with which you had long ago been familiar, than the acquisition of something entirely new.

‘Just so was it, to me, with Mary Marshall’s eyes. I do not think I thought of them for weeks after that night at the theatre, until one morning I was walking in to my office, thinking of ‘declarations,’ not in love, but in law, when her image started out in memory with more than the distinctness of most familiar faces. I cannot explain why this should be so, any more than I can explain why it is that at occasional periods in every man’s life there flashes across his mind, with a sort of curdling shudder, a shadowy consciousness of having seen and heard all that is then passing, at

some remote point of the illimitable past. I only know that both are true. The causes of, and the deductions from, I leave to profounder speculators.

‘Once having presented itself, it seemed determined not to be exorcised, and it maintained its position during the entire morning, pertinaciously returning to the attack whenever displaced for a moment by assiduous application to the perusal of ‘Coke upon Lyttleton.’

‘In the afternoon of the same day I was passing slowly down Tremont-street. There had been a warm sun for some days, and the snow was disappearing. Now and then, when it was drifted on the roofs, the dampening of the slates occasioned it to slip from its position, and descend in miniature avalanches into the streets below, sometimes carrying with it fragments of ice, which, from the last night’s freezing, were clinging to the eaves.

‘Suddenly one of these ‘slides’ deluged me with snow, and a lady, who had been walking just before me for some distance, was knocked down by a fragment of ice.

‘Of course, my first impulse was to raise and carry her into the nearest shop; the next, to inquire if she was at all injured. But the motion of carrying commenced the work of reanimation, and the restoratives produced by some ladies present in the shop, soon completed it, and the same eyes I had seen at the theatre again met my own.

‘It would be useless to detail to you how it happened that I called a carriage and accompanied her to her father’s house; or how a pleasant acquaintance sprung out of that chance service; or a thousand other things you can as well imagine.

‘Let it be enough to tell you, what I suppose you already anticipate, that a friendship soon grew up between us, which, long before the blossoms of the following spring had ripened into fruit, had ripened into acknowledged love, and that all unheeding any obstacle which might be set up between us, we were happy as summer birds.

‘For some years previous to this time, little — nay, nothing — had been said by any party in regard to the contract long before entered into between the parents of Louis and Mary; and the latter, whose gay heart had scarcely given it a thought until she met with me, now began to hope that it had been forgotten, or, at least, abandoned by tacit consent. But causes which I will briefly allude to, soon brought it to remembrance.

‘For several months both the houses of Marshall and of Milton, in common with a major part of the commercial community, had been dipping largely into extravagant speculation, and had been losers to an alarming extent, though neither knew of the other’s danger, and both retained their reputation for wealth. Under these circumstances, each looked to the consummation of this contract of marriage, as the most available means of avoiding bankruptcy; and accordingly Louis pressed his suit urgently, and Marshall aided him with all his powers of persuasion. I was poor, and

Marshall was a — in short, it would have been worse than useless for me to have spoken then.

‘And so the time had gone forward into the summer, and one afternoon accident brought Mary and myself together in one of the city book-stores. While there, chatting over the books, I purchased one of them, and gave it to her, paying for it with a bank-note of some large denomination.

‘And now, let me hasten over a portion of my life, which can give you little pleasure in the hearing, and is certainly bitter in memory.

‘The next morning I was arrested, charged with having uttered counterfeit money. I need not tell you that I was astounded. I knew not which way to turn, or what to say. There was the bill I had passed the day before, with the word ‘Counterfeit’ written across the face by Louis Milton, who, in entire ignorance of the fact that I had passed it, had thrown it out when presented for deposit. I could not deny having given it, and, even if it could have been of any avail, I was unable to say whether it was counterfeit or not. Some old enmity against my father prompted the proprietor of the book-store to a vindictive prosecution of the charge; and bitterly was he revenged; for my conviction, which followed close upon my arrest, killed my poor mother.’

The old man’s voice trembled, and pausing, he nervously knocked the ashes from his pipe. I turned away my face, and in the sight of the stars only, I brushed away the tears that would come in spite of me.

‘Well, the trial came on. I did all I thought I could, but I could not deny that I had given the note. It seemed that there could be no doubt of its spuriousness, and the prosecution was pressed with singular vindictiveness. I was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment in the state’s prison. To be an innocent man in the sight of God, shut out from all I held dear in life; deprived of that great birth-right of humanity, liberty; my name rendered infamous, as I thought, forever; is it any wonder that I sometimes prayed for death to terminate my suffering? *Her* utter hopelessness of agony under that terrible trial, no human tongue can tell.’

The old man’s tones grew tremulous again, and Mrs. Elmore, as I had done before, turned her face toward the slow-marching stars.

‘Meantime the great world outside my prison-house, moved on unheeding. Pecuniary pressure gradually tightened around both Marshall and Milton, until each felt that the last hope lay in the union of Louis and Mary. How fallacious was that hope, the sequel showed but too soon. Mr. Marshall had long since ceased endeavoring to persuade his daughter to this step, and had tried commands. Both means failed entirely, and he now resorted to entreaty. He faithfully represented to her the condition of his affairs, and urged her to save him from ruin and disgrace by marrying the son of the rich banker.

‘Startled at the prospect of her father’s impending penury, so vividly set before her; utterly desolate at heart; feeling keenly

that all her hopes of happiness were wrecked entirely and forever, she finally yielded, a martyr, as she thought, to her father's good; and they were married. Alas! how vain the sacrifice! Within a week after their marriage, mutual explanations disclosed the truth, and both houses 'failed' the same day. Twenty-four hours thereafter found Marshall dead. Poison, self-administered, was suspected, but the truth is not known to this day. Louis Milton, giving way under the magnitude of the temptation to dishonesty, gathered together all he could of the scattered remnants of both fortunes, regardless of his father, or of his creditors, and departed suddenly, none knew whither, carrying with him his humbled and sorrowing wife.

'The commercial world was startled for a moment by the extent of the failures; but in a few brief weeks the thing was almost forgotten, save by those who had suffered immediate loss.

'All these things I learned long afterward.

'It would profit nothing to detail to you the wearying and humiliating routine of my prison-life.

'Let me pass to the close.

'I had been shut out from the world nearly two years, and one evening was sitting on the low bed in my solitary cell, dreamily wandering among the 'gardens of memory.' Sorrowful enough is this, even to him to whom time has brought no shadow of disgrace. Who, while he looks into the irrevocable 'long ago,' dozes beside his fire-side, surrounded by those who love him, and by those he loves? Who shall say how many 'grim forms of unrepented error' look out from its shadows upon even the happiest man? How much less, then, shall any tongue tell how bitterer than gall it was to look into the past, to me, who, while yet young, had seen my name stained with foulest dishonor, all my aspirations in a moment crushed, and my dearest hopes, even in their broadest noon, blotted into instant night.

'And so I was sitting, in the growing gloom of that autumn evening, mentally living over again the days that were gone, when the door opened, and the turnkey, accompanied by two or three gentlemen, entered the cell. One of the gentlemen I recognized as having been the prosecuting attorney upon my trial: the other I did not know.

'*"This is the man, Mr. Crampton,"* said the turnkey. I rose, and bowed stiffly.

'*"My dear Elmore,"* said the attorney, frankly extending his hand, *"let me congratulate you upon your restoration to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' as the 'ancients' have it. You are from this moment free to wander whithersoever you choose. Come, let us get out into the air; it makes me feel aguish in here."*

'I was completely bewildered, and suffering myself to be led, without a word, before I could collect myself to ask the reason of this unexpected proceeding, I found myself once more under God's blessed stars, accompanied by, or rather being dragged by, the

good-natured old lawyer. And what was the reason? you ask. Simply this. The note, for the uttering of which I had been imprisoned, was the issue of a country bank, and, since my trial, had remained in the hands of Mr. Crampton, the attorney. A short time previous to my release, Mr. Wilson, one of the gentlemen who accompanied Mr. Crampton to the prison, and president of the bank whence the note was issued, being in Boston, was sitting in Crampton's office, when some casual remark recalled to the memory of the latter the circumstances attending my conviction. From mere curiosity he showed the note to Wilson, and he, to Crampton's astonishment, pronounced it genuine!

'And so I had been guilty of no crime, either in thought or deed. But where was the redress? What redress could there be for a mother murdered, and a name dishonored?

'You need not be told my reasons for quitting Boston forever. I came here after many wanderings; and, to this day, no soul there knows but that I am dead.'

Once more the old man paused, relighted his pipe, and in a more cheerful tone, continued his story.

'I had lived here, with an old negro woman for house-keeper, nearly four years, when some unaccountable impulse prompted me to go to New-Orleans. There was no reason why I should either go on, or stay, except my own inclination; and so I ran down to the bank there, 'hailed' the first boat bound downward, and took passage for the city.

'It was a hot but beautiful day in May when the 'White Cloud' swung out into the current, and steamed gallantly down the river. The heat was tempered by a strong breeze from the south, before which, small, fleecy clouds, that seemed almost melting into the distant blue, like little fairy barges, scudded swiftly to the northward. Always silent and abstracted, I was that day unusually thoughtful. I remember I sat all day on the 'guards,' to all appearance looking at the banks of the river, really looking dreamily into my own heart-history, with that sort of pleasant sadness which every meditative man so often feels; that partial losing of one's present consciousness in the cloudy living over again the pleasantnesses of 'years ago.'

'Late in the afternoon, the sun disappeared behind a mass of leaden-blue clouds, gilding its volumed verge with a line of dazzling light. The wind ceased entirely, a stifling closeness crept through the atmosphere; and, to an eye at all weather-wise, it was evident that the armies of the air were mustering for a conflict. By-and-by, the thunder, which, like the artillery on a distant battle-field, had all the afternoon trembled along the horizon, swelled nearer and more near; the lightning, fierce spirit of the storm, leaped from the bosom of the cloud, and waved his flaming banner in advance; a few large drops, which in the oppressive stillness sounded like a shower of shot, clattered upon the deck; and then with all the roar and din of the summer tempest, the elemental battle whirled around us.

‘For more than three hours the storm raged with unabated fury, and even when its fiercest rush had swept away to the east, the rain poured down in steady torrents, and, except for an occasional pale flash of lightning, the night was intensely dark. During the whole of the first half of the night I felt no inclination to sleep, I rather felt as if I could not sleep, should I try ever so earnestly, and at nearly two o’clock in the morning I was standing at one of the glass doors of the social hall. I do not know how long I had stood there; I only know that I alone of the passengers was waking, and, except for the escaping steam, there was no sound on board. Suddenly I was aroused by loud shouting without, followed in quick succession by the hurried trampling of feet, and a crashing shock, that made the vessel tremble to her keel. As I gained the deck, the air was filled with loud screams and agonized cries for help. The next moment the resin torches of the boat flashed their red light upon the darkness, and there, close before us, lay a disabled steamer sinking rapidly. In the thick darkness the eye could not properly measure distances, and in a rash attempt to cross the course of the ‘White Cloud,’ she had been cut far below the water-line.

‘I had not dwelt so long upon the river’s bank without familiarizing myself with the use of the oar, and with the aid of two or three of the first who recovered their self-possession, I launched one of the steamer’s boats and pushed off to the assistance of those who were struggling in the water. I shall never forget the faces I saw that night; and I shudder even now as I recall their looks of despairing supplication as the turbid waters closed over them forever, within sight, almost within reach of helping hands.

‘I was standing in the bow of the boat as we were returning slowly from a long circuit around the sunken steamer, when I saw close before us the gleam of a white garment upon the water, and a faint bubbling call reached our ears. The boat shot forward under the impulse of the rowers, but the object was gone. We were just turning to leave the spot, when the water parted again below us, and the glare of the torches shone upon an up-turned female face. I needed no second glance; my heart leaped into my throat, and with a spring that carried me far over the boat’s side, I grasped the white figure with trembling fingers, and supported it until strong arms in the boat lifted us both from the water.

‘The next evening Mary Marshall — I could not call her Mary Milton — and I sat together in New-Orleans, and talked hour after hour.

‘Let me make her story brief.

‘They had gone directly from Boston to New-Orleans, where Louis soon obtained employment as book-keeper in one of the banks of the city. But the loss of his wealth and position had completely cast down his weak spirit. He fell into habits of drunkenness, was rarely at home, sometimes leaving her in their boarding-house for days together. He entertained an insane hope of regaining his lost wealth at the gaming-table, and within twelve



months from their marriage, he was brought home dead, stabbed in a drunken brawl in one of the gambling-hells of the city. Fortunately for Mary, she had gained the affection and esteem of the wife of the president of the bank where Louis had been employed, who now offered her a home ostensibly as a teacher of music for her daughter. And here she had been ever since, meeting nothing but kindness, and contented with her lot. She was accompanying the family on a Northern tour, when the accident occurred which brought us together.

'More than thirty years,' solemnly continued the old man, after a pause, 'have rolled away, and never since then, for a single day, have Mary and I been parted.'

Mrs. Elmore rose softly from her chair, and kneeling beside her husband, hid her face in his bosom and sobbed like a little child.

Silently I walked down the path-way, and, leaning upon the rustic gate, looked far down where the light of the new-risen moon slept upon the water, and listened to the night-wind as it whispered softly to the slumbering flowers. Presently I felt, rather than heard, a light step behind me. A little white hand was laid upon my shoulder, I passed my arm lovingly around a yielding figure, and then, with spirits that melted into each other, and in that blissful hour lived but as one essence, Annette and I stood dreaming under the silent stars, until the old man's voice said :

'Come, children, it is late.'

That little hand is not so fair and plump now as then, and the frosts of age are beginning to silver my hair, but still the quiet autumn evenings often find us standing at that rustic gate. The same river flows unchangingly at our feet, and Annette and I are as perfectly one spirit now as then.

*St. Paul, Dec., 1857.*

#### THE LOVE-KNOT.

'Tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied her raven ringlets in :  
But not alone in the silken snare  
Did she catch her lovely floating hair:  
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied a young man's heart within.

'They were strolling together up the hill,  
Where the wind comes blowing merry and  
chill ;  
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race,  
All over the happy peach-colored face,  
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them  
in,  
Under her beautiful, dimpled chin :

'And it blew a color, bright as the bloom  
Of the pinkest fuschia's tossing plume,  
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl  
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,  
Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,  
Tied a young man's heart within.

'Steeper and steeper grew the hill :  
Madder, merrier, chillier still  
The western wind blew down, and played  
The wildest tricks with the little maid,  
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,  
She tied a young man's heart within.

'O Western Wind ! do you think it was  
fair  
To play such tricks with her floating hair?  
To gladly, gleefully do your best  
To blow her against the young man's  
breast,  
Where he as gladly folded her in,  
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin ?

'O ELLERY VANE ! you little thought,  
An hour ago, when you besought  
This country lass to walk with you,  
After the sun had dried the dew,  
What perilous danger you'd be in,  
As she tied her bonnet under her chin !

NATIONAL ERA.

## THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD.

A BALLAD: BY MARY R. TROPP.

## I.

A LITTLE fair being sat watchful and still  
 In the door of a hut by the sea,  
 And oft with its large blue angel-eyes  
 Looked seaward expectantly.

## II.

The sun-set aslant through the open door  
 Shone soft on the lonely child,  
 Till it looked like a picture in frame-work old,  
 With its gentle face so mild.

## III.

A keel ploughs softly the shining sea,  
 And now it has reached the land,  
 And quickly the fisherman leaps ashore,  
 'T is ELLIE that waits on the strand.

## IV.

The great rough man is coarsely clad,  
 He is toil-worn, old, and brown:  
 But love from the fair young face shines up,  
 From the honest eyes shines down.

## V.

'What, ho! my little one,' he cries,  
 As he rocks her at eve on his knee,  
 'Wilt run for the staff thy father has left  
 In the boat beside the sea?

## VI.

The little one went in the deep'ning night,  
 To the strand beside the sea,  
 And the wind moaned back, and the murmuring foam,  
 But never back came she?

## VII.

On the edge of the boat a plank ill-poised,  
 White gleam in the heaving wild,  
 Pale floating hair — O cruel Sea!  
 O little loving child!

*Valley Forge, Sep., 1857.*

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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MISSIONARY TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES IN SOUTH-AFRICA : including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa, etc. By DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., D.C.L., etc. In one Volume: pp. 732. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS, Franklin-Square.

THE kindred book of BARTH, but lately noticed at large in the KNICKERBOCKER, published by the same house whence the volume before us proceeds, will have prepared the reader for the subject-matter of Mr. LIVINGSTONE's book. Both are good: yet it is no disparagement of the former to say, that Mr. LIVINGSTONE is a better and a much more *interesting* writer than himself. Both works, however, will not only elicit comparison, but they will be read and enjoyed together: BARTH in Northern and Central Africa, and LIVINGSTONE in South-Africa, present personal records of the most reliable character, which form an almost complete survey of that great continent which provokes so many questions, which has been the field of so many explorations, but of which so little is yet known. Dr. LIVINGSTONE went to Africa in the service of the London Missionary Society, and for more than sixteen years labored among the benighted people of that mysterious continent, learning to speak their dialects, and thinking in those dialects so long as to distrust the purity of his English; joining in the every-day sports and occupations of the nomadic races with whom he was brought into contact, and undergoing perils as incessant and as various almost as those recounted by PAUL. He made a journey entirely across the continent from the Atlantic to the Eastern Ocean, whereby he met with many strange and novel adventures. Dr. LIVINGSTONE is an earnest, practical man, who takes strong common-sense views of things, as is evinced in his belief that commerce and civilization will prove the surest pioneers of the Christian Religion in Africa. And so desirous is he of turning his African experiences to the best advantage of mankind, that he is now engaged under the employment of the British Foreign Office in negotiations with the Portuguese Government for opening a communication with the interior of Africa from some of the Portuguese settlements on the coast. There is a fine portrait of Mr. LIVINGSTONE, together with many spirited engravings, illustrating the character of the country and the life of the people, ample and correct maps, etc. Also: exceedingly well printed, upon good paper.

OCEAN STEAM NAVIGATION AND THE OCEAN POST. By THOMAS RAINY: pp. 224. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, 346 and 348 Broadway. London: TRUBNER AND COMPANY, Paternoster Row. 1858.

THIS is one of the most entertaining and instructive books it has been our good fortune to read this many a day: for we *have* read every line of it, 'from title-page to colophon,' and from the perusal thereof have derived more general and satisfactory information, on the subject of which it treats, than we could, unaided, have gathered in a life-time. As it has done us so much good, suppose we let it 'go round,' like the turkey on the turnspit, '*doing good?*' Before we speak of the book, however, let us premise a word or two concerning the author. He published, some time since, a treatise on Mathematics, called 'The Abacus;' in 1851 he was Secretary of the 'American Association for the Advancement of Science;' he is author of 'Papers on Brazil and the Amazon;' was late Consul to Bolivia; was recently appointed Secretary of Legation to Brazil, a post which he declined; and has been known to the country for a most enterprising effort during the few years past to establish steam-ship communication between this country and the Brazilian Empire, *via* the West-India Islands. Mr. RAINY now has his excellent project before Congress, and he will doubtless succeed in connecting our own country with the rich commercial fields of South-America; at any rate, he will succeed, if energy 'counts a man in.' So much for his antecedents: now for his book.

Its central proposition is, 'That it is the duty of the' American 'Government to its people, to establish and maintain an extensive, well-organized, and rapid steam mail marine for the benefit of production, commerce, diplomacy, defences, the public character, and the general interests of all classes.' This proposition the author establishes by the following argument: Steam mails upon the ocean control the commerce and diplomacy of the world: they are essential to our commercial and producing country: we have not established ocean mail facilities commensurate with our national ability and the demands of our commerce: we are largely dependent on, and tributary to, our greatest commercial rival, Great Britain, for the postal facilities which should be purely American: *fast* ocean mails are exceedingly desirable for our commerce and national standing, and are demanded by our people at large: *fast steamers* alone can furnish rapid transport to the mails: high, adequate mail-speed is extremely costly, in the prime construction of vessels, their repairs, and their numerous *employées*: the quantity of fuel consumed is enormous and ruinous to unaided private enterprise: ocean mail steamers cannot live on their own receipts: neither the latest nor the anticipated improvements in steam shipping promise any change in this fact: self-support is not likely to be attained by increasing the size of steamers: the propelling power in *fast steamers* occupies all of the available space not devoted to passengers and express freight: steamers must be *fast* to do successful mail and profitable passenger service: sailing vessels cannot successfully transport the mails: with any considerable economy of fuel and other running expenses, the propeller is but little faster than the sailing vessel: to patronize these slow vessels with the mails, the Government would unjustly discriminate against sailing vessels in the transport of freights:

we cannot depend on the vessels of the Navy for the transport of the mails: individual enterprise cannot support fast steamers; and not even American private enterprise can furnish a sufficiently rapid steam mail and passenger marine. Having thus thoroughly fortified himself, the author further declares: 'That the Government can discharge the clear and unquestionable duty of establishing foreign mail facilities, only by paying liberal prices for the transport of the mails for a long term of years, by creating and sustaining an ocean postal system, by legislating upon it systematically, and by abandoning our slavish dependence upon Great Britain.' And, by way of clinching the whole, the author gives us a most interesting and valuable history of the British ocean mail system; a system which has had the fostering care of England's far-seeing statesmen, and of England's heavy purse; a system which is one of the 'open secrets' of England's overshadowing greatness as a commercial and maritime power. Then follows a chapter on 'The Ocean Lines of the United States,' which presents a state of facts by no means flattering to our national pride. The book closes with a number of Appendix-Papers, tabular and corroborative: among which we notice a very long and full one, by the indefatigable PLINY MILES; and a very valuable one, entitled, 'Ocean Steam Lines of the World.' Such is a brief and imperfect synopsis of this book. Limited space prevents extended quotation: but, to give our readers a taste of its quality, we shall quote a few sentences, here and there, from Section VII., '*What is the Duty of the Government to the People?*'

'THE inference is clear and unavoidable: and we come irresistibly to the conclusion that it is the duty of the Government to its people, to establish and maintain an extensive, well-organized, and rapid steam mail marine, for the benefit of production, commerce, diplomacy, defenses, the character of the nation, and the public at large; and as there is positively no other source of adequate and effective support, to pay liberally for the same out of any funds in the national treasury, belonging to the enterprising, liberal, and enlightened people of the Republic. There is no clearer duty of the Legislative and Executive Government to the industrious people of the country than the establishment of liberal, large, and ready postal facilities, for the better and more successful conduct of that industry, whether those facilities be upon land or upon the sea. It is sometimes difficult to extend our vision to any other sphere than that in which we move and have our experiences; and thus there are many persons who, while they would revolt at the idea that the Government should refuse to run four-horse coaches to some little unimportant country town, would be wholly unable to grasp the great commercial world and the wide oceans over which their own products are to float, and from whose trade the Government derives the large duties which prevent these same persons having to pay direct taxes.

'It is generally admitted that the government of a country is established for the benefit of the people; and constitutions conflicting with this purpose are simply subversive of justice and liberty. If labor is a thing so desirable and so noble in a people that the protection of its rewards in the form of property becomes one of the highest attributes of good government, then it is equally an indisputable attribute of that protecting and fostering government to afford those facilities to labor, which experience shows that it needs, and which the people cannot attain in their individual capacity, or without the intervention of the government. The common experience of mankind points to commerce as the next great means to production in creating national and individual wealth. It equally shows us that foreign commerce cannot flourish without liberal foreign mail facilities, and the means of ready transit of persons, papers, and specie. It also clearly indicates that the most successful means of accomplishing this, is the employment of subsidized national mail steam-ships. It therefore becomes obviously the duty of a paternal government to an industrious, enterprising, producing, and trading people, to give them the rapid ocean steam mails necessary to the profitable prosecution of their industry.

'We have for many years neglected many important fields of foreign trade, and many profitable branches of industry and art, which we could easily have nurtured into sources of income and wealth, by adopting the foreign mail system, so wisely in-

produced and extended by Great Britain. And in the absence of such efforts on our part, a large and remunerative traffic has been swept from us, and this suicidal neglect has been the means of our subordination to so many controlling foreign influences. We are at this very hour commercially enslaved by England, France, Brazil, and the East. How is it that the trade of the world is in the hands of Great Britain? Her energetic people have ever had the fostering care of her government. Their steam mail system has been established for twenty-four years. It has furnished the people with the means of easy transport, rapid correspondence, the remittance of specie, and the shipment of light manufactured goods to every corner of the world; it has invited foreigners from every land to her shores and her markets; and it has been the means of throwing the raw material of the whole world into the lap of the British manufacturer and artisan, and enabling them thus to control the markets in every land.

But we can get along, it is said, without such a manufacturing system and such an ubiquity of trade. This is a mistake. The productions of our soil are not sufficiently indispensable to the outer world to bring us all of the money we need for importing the millions of foreign follies, to which our people have become attached.

There are many fields of trade which may be said to pertain naturally to this country, and which we have as wholly neglected and yielded to Great Britain, as if she had a divine right to the monopoly of the entire commerce of the world. No one can believe that the trade of the islands which gem the Carribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, or the great Spanish Main, or the Guianas, or the Orinoco and Amazon, or the extended coast of Brazil, the Platan Republics, or Mexico, and the Central American States lying just at our door, belongs naturally to Europe, or that their productions should be transported in European ships, or that their supplies come naturally five thousand miles across the ocean, rather than go a few hundred miles from our own shores, in our own ships, and for the benefit of our own merchants and producers. Yet, such is the impression which our apathy of effort in those regions would produce.

The same thing is true of the Pacific South-American, the Chinese, and the East-Indian trade. That of the Pacific coast is not half so far from us, as it is from Europe; that of China, and the East-Indies, and Australia, is by many thousand miles nearer to us; and yet the greater portion of the commerce of all three of those great fields is triumphantly borne off by Great Britain alone. And why is all this? Why is her foreign trade sixteen hundred millions of dollars per year, while ours is only seven hundred millions? Here, as ever, the tree is known by its fruits. The tree of knowledge, of British wisdom, 'whose mortal taste brought death into our world,' our Western world of commerce, 'with loss of Eden,' and many a fair paradise of enterprise and effort, has filled the bleak little islands of Britain with the golden fruits of every clime, and scattered broadcast among its people the rich ambrosia of foreign commerce. When it was necessary to command the trade of the West-Indies, Central America, and Mexico, lying at our southern door, she established the Royal Steam Packet service with thirteen lines and twenty steamers, and paid it for the first ten years two hundred and forty thousand pounds, and for the present twelve years two hundred and seventy thousand pounds per annum. In addition to this she pays twenty-five thousand pounds per annum for continuing the same lines down the west coast of South-America to Valparaiso, and contracts to pay the Royal Mail Company an annual addition of seventy-five thousand pounds in the event of coal, freight, insurance, etc., being at any time higher than they were at the date of the contract in 1850. This aggregate sum of two hundred and ninety-five thousand pounds, or one million four hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, to say nothing of the increased allowance of seventy-five thousand pounds probably now paid to this one branch alone of the British service, is considerably greater than that paid for the entire foreign mail service of the United States.

Now, it is a very extraordinary fact that, with such a field of commerce lying along the sunny side of our republic, and with such an array of facilities for converting it into European channels, our Government has done literally nothing to protect the rights of its citizens and give them the means, which they do not now possess, of a fair competition with other countries for this rich and remunerative trade. Yet such is the fact; all of the petitions and memorials of the sea-board cities to the contrary notwithstanding. The same is the case with the Pacific and East-India trade before noticed.

The commercial men of this country see the West-Indies, the Spanish-American Republics, Brazil, Central America, and Mexico, lying right at our southern door, and the whole Pacific coast, the East-Indies, China, the Mauritius, Australia, and the Pacific Islands but half as far from California as from England, all much nearer to us than to Great Britain and other European countries, and offering us a trade which large as it necessarily is to-day, is yet destined within the coming generation to transcend that of all other portions of the globe combined, in extent, in richness, and in the profits which it will yield. The capacity of these great fields for development



and expansion is indefinite and almost boundless. There is no doubt that an American trade could be developed in those regions within the next thirty years whose opulence and magnificence would rival and far surpass our entire commerce of the world at the present time, and give to our nation a riches and a power which would enable it to shape the destinies of the entire civilized world.

The wise merchants and statesmen of Great Britain know that commerce can be accommodated only by rapid steam mails, which have regular and reliable periods for arrival and departure: and that, although these mails cost the Government and the people something more than those slow and uncertain communications which depend on sailing-vessels and over-land transit, yet they are enabled, by the facilities which they afford, to monopolize and control the commerce of the world, and divert it from even the most natural channels into the lap of British wealth. It is in this view of the subject that our merchants so justly complain that our Government, by refusing to give them the facilities commensurate with the demands of the age, *deprives* them of the *power* or *privilege* of competing with foreign nations, and palsies their hands, simply because they are not able, individually and by their associated capital, to do that which the Government only can do. The reason why our mail-steamers require the aid of our Government is that foreign Governments subsidize their lines; hence our individual enterprise cannot compete with their individual enterprise and that of their Government combined. The reason why foreign Governments thus subsidize their mail lines is, that *those lines cannot depend upon their own receipts for support, or run without Governmental aid.* This is also the prime reason for Governmental aid in running our lines. These facts are undisputed by steamship-men and merchants, and are verified by the practice of the whole world, and the great number of failures in attempting to sustain steamers, from year to year, on regular lines, by their receipts alone.

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THE HASHEESH-EATER: BEING PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A PYTHAGOREAN. In one Volume: pp. 371. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

CAN our readers recal that not *far* 'Backward in the abyssm of Time,' when Lord BYRON's 'terrible melancholy' raised up a host of simulators of the same: with wide down-turned shirt-collars and lustrous up-turned eyes: BYRONIC in every thing, except features, mind, knowledge, GENIUS? 'Very *well*, then,' as Mr. BUNSBY would say: do they *also* remember, that since DE QUINCEY wrote his '*Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*,' many weak-minded aspirants to the fame which accrued from that successful work, have imitated the author in so far as to excite their entire thimble-full of brains with the 'smoking mud,' (under which name High Commissioner LIN denounced the drug,) and afterward published *their* 'Confessions?' This 'Hasheesh-Eater' is of the highest order of the *great* 'Opium-Eater's' simulators. The small tribe before him have not followed DE QUINCEY in writing a *book*: no; their brains could not hold out, under spiritual pressure, sufficiently long: so they contented themselves with single papers, or short serials, in some popular journal or magazine. The 'Hasheesh-Eater,' on the contrary, is evidently a man of talent, and his reveries and experiences suffice to fill a book without the 'forcing process.' Every body knows what opium is, but every body may *not* know that *Hasheesh* is the resin of a peculiar sort of hemp, called '*Cannabis Indica*,' which in southern climates loses its fibrous texture, and secretes this powerful narcotic drug. How the narrator came to eat *Hasheesh*; what were its effects; what fascination it exerted over his fancy; what dreams he dreamed; what joys and pains he felt; and in what manner he relinquished the use of this soul-exciting, soul-subduing drug, forms the subject-matter of the volume

under notice. Its descriptions are somewhat fascinating: and we should not be at all surprised to find the '*Hasheesh* of commerce' quoted before long in the mercantile 'prices-current of our commercial daily journals. The '*Yan-ne-kees*' always want to '*try things*,' from a new mechanical-power, a new patent-medicine, or a new drug, to a new religion.

NEW AMERICAN ENCYCLOPÆDIA: A POPULAR DICTIONARY OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Volume the First: A—Araguay: pp. 752. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS great work promises when completed to be one of the best and the latest, as it certainly will be one of the cheapest, of its kind in the world. That it has been confided to most competent editorial hands is, as far as we have seen, universally admitted by the public press. Our contemporary of the Philadelphia '*Press*' daily journal, well and truly says of it:

'To be sold for less than half the cost, to be issued within a short and defined period, and to bear comparison with every work of the kind yet published, are the leading features of this new, we might say this National work; for every line has been expressly written for the work itself, and most of it by American citizens. Mere cheapness of price ought not to be an inducement; for the best article is that which is most worth the money, whatever the cost be. The New American Cyclopædia is good as well as low-priced. Its design is simply to furnish the great body of intelligent readers in this country, with a popular Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. Its editors are men of learning, tact, general information, and a knowledge of the world. They have called in the aid of many of the ablest writers in the country, each man taking the branch or branches of knowledge, with which he may happen to be most familiar, and emptying his mind, as it were, into articles upon it as a whole, or on its collaterals. Careful revision—which sometimes condenses, and sometimes may enlarge the article—is then applied, and the result may be anticipated. Mere disquisition has been avoided. The aim is to produce a practical work of reference and full information upon the whole circle of Universal Knowledge.

'The materials for such a work as this, which will contain more variety than any of its predecessors, wherever published, have been found in thousands of volumes, freely consulted in public libraries and private collections; in all Encyclopædias and Biographical and general Dictionaries of authority and value; and, above all, in the personal knowledge of the large corps of contributors, (nearly one hundred in number,) whose coöperation has been made available for this great labor. Of these writers, as we have said, the majority are American citizens, but many writers in Great Britain, and on the Continent of Europe, have been pressed into the service, and have rendered efficient aid.

'The opening volume, just published, (sold only to subscribers, and procurable by local agents all over the Union,) is a fair sample of the work. It concludes with a geographical article on Araguay. Among the more striking articles are those upon ABD EL KADER, ABDUL MEJID, Absorption, Abstinence, Academy, Acetic Acid, JOHN ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, JOSEPH ADDISON, Adulteration, Adventurers, Advertisement, Aërostation, Afghanistan, Africa, the Agapemone, Professor LOUIS AGASSIZ, Age, Agriculture, with its Chemistry and Schools, Ague, Alabama, Albuminuria, ALEXANDER, (*pseudo* 'Earl of Stirling,') ALFIERI, Algeria, Aliment, Alloy, WASHINGTON ALLSTON, Alluvium, ALMACK'S, Almanac, Alphabet, Aluminium, Duke of Alva, America, American Antiquities, Americanisms, (omitting the word 'guess,') Amphibia, Anæsthetics, Anatomy, Andes, Major ANDRÉ, Angling, Animal, Animal Electricity, Animal Heat, Animal Magnetism, Animal Mechanics, Animalcules, Anthracite, (with map of the Anthracite region of Philadelphia,) Anthropology, Anti-Rentism, Apocalypse, Appalachian Mountains, Ap-

petite, Aqueduct, Arabian Language and Literature, Arabian Nights, and the ARAGO family.'

When we say that each of these articles is a complete account of the subject it treats upon, and that — though at less length — nearly two thousand five hundred different subjects are treated with equal accuracy and care, we state the exact character of the work. The second volume will be published early in the spring, and a new volume at regular intervals of about two months. The work will be completed in fifteen volumes, at three dollars each, in good binding: higher styles of binding, of course, at a relatively higher price.

LUCY HOWARD'S JOURNAL. By MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY. In one Volume: pp. 348. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE sometimes 'take shame and confusion of face' unto ourself for not doing *immediate* justice to the many works, of various interest to various readers, which emanate from the 'groaning presses' of our country. But how is it possible? Our space is not universal — our time is not unlimited — our power of adequate literary judgment not independent of the *reading* of a new book: but sooner or later, it is our hope always to call public attention to such works as MRS. SIGOURNEY invariably puts forth. We have not unfrequently heard it said — said by mothers, and daughters who may themselves some day be mothers — 'What a consolation it must be to MRS. SIGOURNEY, to know that *all* her writings have been intended to do, and have done, GOOD?' This is all true, and it is a jewel in her crown. But the *way* in which she has done all this good is not sufficiently appreciated. Twenty poetical and prose works, or rather we should say, *parts* of poetical and prose works from her pen, which we could at this moment call to mind, could scarcely be exceeded by any American female-author in the effects which they have produced, especially upon the growing minds and ductile affections of the young and inexperienced, among her readers. But to the volume under notice: 'LUCY HOWARD' is a story, in the form of a diary. The first date recorded is in 1810, the last in 1822. The history begins in a New-England school-house, and is carried through youth and maturity, love, marriage, and death. The writer leaves the home of her childhood for the West, and encounters all the fatigues and trials of frontier life. Her work is designed to record and perpetuate a sort of experience which, though common in the early part of the present century, is now becoming rare. It is a delineation of the affections, an exposition of the principles which give stability and comfort to New-England homes. 'MRS. SIGOURNEY'S literary career,' says the *Evening Post*, 'has been a long one. She was one of the first in this country to win respect for the literary labors of women; and many who have since risen to distinction in the world of letters derived their first impulse from her example. In some attributes of genius she has been surpassed by those who have come after her; but in those qualities of head and heart which constitute the peculiar charm of womanhood, she challenges our unqualified admiration and respect.' And this, let us add, is a verdict which will be confirmed by posterity.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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'THE BLOODY SCULLION OF SKEDINK:' A NOVEL. — Perhaps one of the most gratifying things in the profession of a 'High Literary Purveyor,' (thanks, Mr. 'C. I. B.:' we shall try to deserve your appellation,) is the privilege which is afforded that personage, of announcing to the public new works, of personal narrative or creative fiction, yet sleeping in the manuscripts of their authors. Our readers, therefore, will share our enjoyment, when we state, that we have received from the author, in his own hand-writing, quite a large portion of a production which will be much better known hereafter, we take it, than at present. Harken to the title thereof: '*A Romance of Castile: Penniwinkle the Hermit, or The Bloody Scullion of Skedink: a Tale of the Real Ideal.*' It is from the pen of the author of 'The Mystic Shoe-String,' 'The Scavenger's Doom,' 'The Haunted Slaughter-House,' etc., etc.; volumes which, owing to the stringency of 'the times' and the 'tightness' of publishers, have not as yet attained to the dignity of type. We shall present but a single passage from the forthcoming work, (for that it *will* be forthcoming, we have too much faith in the good taste and sound judgment of our publishers to doubt,) satisfied that its gorgeous descriptions, its glowing style, its warm-hearted satire, and genial sarcasm, will bring it home to the business and bosom of every man and woman, in the whole expanse of our broad national domain:

. . . 'COME to the Hermit's Cave!

'And they left.

'Their path lay through the thick forest, over miry groves and pleasant swamps, where red and several other kinds of squirrels were springing around them, with their puffed-out cheeks filled with cocoa-nuts for the winter's store. The gentle owl, enjoying the sunny afternoon, sang merrily in the branches. The snail and the wild-cat skipped pleasantly together upon the verdant green. The smooth emerald serpent hissed a welcome to the maidens, as they tripped along, stopping now and then to pluck and eat the luscious horse-chestnuts, hanging in rich clusters over their heads.

'Soon the cave was reached. They looked in, and beheld the HERMIT preparing his frugal meal of flag-root and sorrel. At their entrance, he started, and gazed earnestly at the maiden. Equally fixed was her gaze. They —

'But before proceeding farther, we shall go on to give a short sketch of the previous life of the HERMIT.

'He came into the world at a small town called *Kansas*, which has since become a large and flourishing territory, on Independence-day, 1776 years ago — the very day on which the Fourth-of-July was signed. Being of a free disposition, and a good penman, he would undoubtedly have signed his name with the rest, but unavoidable circumstances at home prevented. Of all his early history we have no account, owing to the negligence of his posterity; so that we hear nothing of him whatever, until he reached the age of ten years, when he commenced attending the village school. Here he excelled in all athletic sports: could jump four rods and a half to any other boy's or girl's one; and, moreover, was at the head of every class in school. On one occasion he is said to have chastised a boy three times his own size, for throwing a piece of orange-peel at a little girl. When twelve years of age, being disappointed in a love affair, he attempted to commit suicide by taking one-thirtieth of a barrel of whiskey, having read in the papers that there was enough strychnine in a barrel of whiskey to kill thirty men. But his constitution was naturally so strong, that its only effect was to make him a little talkative, and he concluded he was worth saving a little longer.\*

'After being expelled from school for knowing more than the master, he was sent into the city and put into a dry-goods store, to fit for college. He there attended an evening free-school, where he only had to pay for tuition, stationery, and lights. After attending this school three months, he entered college, at the age of sixteen, in the year 1792. Here he early won the esteem and respect of all who knew him, on account of his affability of manners, his brilliant talents, and his gentlemanly manner of borrowing money. On one occasion, in his Sophomore year, being deliberately 'ducked' by a Freshman, he had the boldness to inflict upon him the punishment of letting him alone until he should himself at last see the evil of his course. This at once established for him the character of the 'Rowdy and Dare-devil Sophomore.'

'He joined a secret society called '*Eta Upsilon*,' more commonly called '*Eat'erup*,' where he distinguished himself in the literary department, by writing the poem commencing, 'Tell me not in mournful numbers:' also another, commencing, 'On Linden when the Sun was Low:' also the beautiful little song, 'Sweetly sang the Martingale:' and a prose poem, called 'Unconscious Reveries:' and many other justly-admired pieces. Even in his Freshman year he wrote for the '*Boston Scrouger*,' (a 'Literary Journal of Art,') a romance called '*The Hostler's Ward*,' a '*Tale of the Disquisition*,' which is of course well known to all our readers. Two years later he published another romance in the same paper, called '*Squirm, the Stable-Boy, or the Widow of the Alleghanies*,' which is also widely known.

'His part at the Senior Exhibition was the most powerful that has ever been delivered in any college: the subject of it was: '*The Inadequacy of the Incomprehensibilities of Natural and Internal Nature, as Developed by the Moral Elements of the Beautiful contained in the Imperishable Eccentricities of Art*.' This part took two prizes, and was put into the archives of the college three times. Honors crowded upon him: he was unanimously elected orator of the Scandinavian Society, there being only three votes cast against him, and delivered a magnificent oration on '*The Intensity of Socrates*.' This eclipsed even his former effort. His principles were good: he never drank any thing stronger than whiskey,

\* \* PERHAPS the fluid might have been diluted. — AUTHOR.

and wrote a pamphlet against the use of ale as a beverage: always told the truth when it was convenient, and had so great an aversion to games of chance that he has sometimes been seen when he could not tell one card from another.

'To illustrate the development of his character, we give two short extracts from letters to his mother: one written in his Freshman year, the other in his Senior year:

'DEAR MOTHER: I am seated in my *escritoire*, trying to answer your last letter, which was received about three months ago. You know, mother, I take some interest in you: so, without flattering you in the least, I will say that I rank the eleventh in my class, which is as high as any body ever gets in the Freshman year. I have just joined the 'Eat'er-Up Society.' I wish I could tell you some of the secrets: but they might make a row if I did: however, if you insist, I suppose I must tell you.'

'The next was written just before he graduated:

'DEAR MOTHER: As my reputation as a literary critic and scholar is established, it is time, you would say, to choose a profession. After a long and painful deliberation of an hour, I have determined to adopt the profession of travelling, as I can do the most benefit to the human race in that way.'

'He graduated with the highest honors in 1796. His 'commencement-part' on the '*Extensiveness of the Infinite*,' was, of course, of the highest order: and he descended from the stage surrounded on all sides by a 'hulloa' of glory.'

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THE 'GOOD TIME COMING' FOR JACKASSES. — We have always had great sympathy with jackasses, and 'creatures after their kind,' (there is a good place for a joke upon us here, from some forward animal of the species,) since the editor of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff and Independent Echo*' published the touching account of the two long-eared specimens who expired in Lexington, Kentucky, at the moment of looking up from their fodder, as the broad, octagonal sides of a 'struck' menagerie-tent were rolled up, and they found themselves 'cheek by jowl' with the mountain-form of the elephant 'ROMEO,' just packing his travelling trunk for Louisville. *There* was sympathy for you! With a united '*Yah-ee-ah-ee-ah!*' they both 'fell, and expired without a groan!' But what we wish especially to speak of *now*, is a *Proposition to Pay off the National Debt of Great-Britain by American Jackasses*, through the saving to be effected by the draught of packet-boats on the Erie Canal, from the Hudson River to Lake Erie: '*Mason's Farrier*,' an authentic work, is the authority, as stated by an intelligent writer, in the *Tribune* daily journal, upon domestic animals and agricultural matters, with all which he seems well conversant. The subjoined is the comprehensive extract and 'document':

'It is stated that a packet-boat on the Erie Canal requires a team of three horses to tow it sixteen miles, going at the rate of eighty miles in twenty-four hours; and that the relays required demand fifteen horses for each nautical day. Setting the time, from Lake Erie to the Hudson, at five nautical days, seventy-five horses will be required; and setting the food, stabling, and care of each horse at fifty cents per diem, it will cost each packet-boat above thirty-five dollars per diem for the subsistence of its cattle alone, without counting deterioration by age, labor, or accident, at which rate every packet-boat must expend three hundred and seventy-five dollars for



every trip to the Hudson River and back from Lake Erie. Now the same number of mules will do the same amount of work, at least as well as the horses. They will do it at one-half the cost of subsistence; and they will do it fifteen years longer than the horses. In other words, one team of mules will do the work for the same length of time that three teams of horses will do it; for a team of horses cannot be counted on for such work for above seven years at the utmost. Thus, the mules will save the prime cost in twenty-three years of two teams of horses of three each, beside the interest; and will do the same work, during the whole time, at one-half the cost, beside the interest on the saving. If this calculation be a correct one, and we have entirely failed to detect the first flaw in it, taking into consideration the enormous number of boats, and the gigantic traffic, daily and hourly increasing, which pass through that grand artery of American commerce, the sums of money to be realized by the gain of this single substitution, baffle the powers of the imagination to conjecture them. *It is sufficient to say, broadly, that it would require but a few years, far less than the lifetime of a single man, with that sum annually capitalized, and invested at compound interest, to pay the capital of the national debt of England!* Of so vast importance to a country, in an economical and national point of view, may be and are the labors of the meanest of its animals!

This 'item' (it is admitted to be stated 'broadly') ought to have been included in Mr. SAMUEL RUGGLES' famous 'Canal Report.' Long live the JACK-ASS, and his posterity!

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CORRECTION: BY A MICHIGAN CORRESPONDENT. — We publish the following correction from a Detroit correspondent, with pleasure:

'DEAR SIR: The statement given some time since in your 'EDITOR'S Table' of the method of administering law, at an early day, in the Territory of Michigan, is not altogether correct; and from the fact of its being published in your Magazine, it may acquire an authenticity which the truth does not warrant: allow me to furnish you an account of the transaction, obtained from a reliable source.

'In 1821, KETAUKO, a Chippewa Indian, was charged with the murder of Dr. W. S. MADISON, a surgeon in the United States army. The crime was committed in the northern part of the territory, in a district of country to which the Indian title was not extinguished. On the trial, the Indian's counsel interposed a plea to the jurisdiction of the court, alleging that the courts of the United States could not take cognizance of crimes committed in the Indian country. The court overruled the objection. The trial proceeded; and the Indian was found guilty, and in pursuance of the sentence of the court, was hung in the city of Detroit on the twenty-seventh day of December, 1821.

'Previously to this, there was another case, where an Indian named PERORIG was tried for murder, and was found guilty, but was not punished with death or otherwise. The facts, as appeared on trial, were these: Three persons, one of whom was PERORIG, were descending the Detroit River in a canoe; PERORIG fell overboard, at which one of his companions laughed. On regaining the boat, PERORIG seized a gun which was lying in it, and shot the man dead who laughed at him when he was in the water. For this, he was tried and convicted; but the judges were not satisfied from the evidence that the crime was committed on the American side of the boundary-line, in the Detroit River, between the United States and England. For this reason, sentence was not pronounced upon the Indian.

'The statement in your 'Table' evidently has reference to one of the above cases, but is not in accordance with either. As these reminiscences of early times become in the lapse of time to be regarded as historical data, it is well to have them set forth correctly.

W. T. Y.'

THE 'AUTOCRAT' ON FACTS: 'THE OLD MAN DREAMS.'—As compared with *himself*, the 'AUTOCRAT' of the '*Atlantic*' (WENDELL, 'my KING!') does n't 'bite' quite so sharply this month, as in preceding papers. However, old HOMER sometimes nodded: and yet a nod from him was as good as a wink from the best of his contemporaries. Perpend a few of the AUTOCRAT's last 'out-givings':

'SCIENTIFIC knowledge, even in the most modest persons, has mingled with it a something which partakes of insolence. Absolute, peremptory facts are bullies; and those who keep company with them are apt to get a bullying habit of mind; not of manners, perhaps; they may be soft and smooth, but the smile they carry has a quiet assertion in it, such as the Champion of the Heavy Weights, commonly the best-natured, but not the most diffident of men, wears upon what he very inelegantly calls his 'mug.' Take the man, for instance, who deals in the mathematical sciences. There is no elasticity in a mathematical fact; if you bring up against it, it never yield a hair's breadth; every thing must go to pieces that comes in collision with it. What the mathematician knows being absolute, unconditional, incapable of suffering question, it should tend, in the nature of things, to breed a despotic way of thinking. So of those who deal with the palpable and often unmistakable facts of external nature; only in a less degree. Every probability—and most of our common, working beliefs are probabilities—is provided with *buffers* at both ends, which break the force of opposite opinions clashing against it; but scientific certainty has no spring in it, no courtesy, no possibility of yielding. All this must react on the minds that handle these forms of truth.

'Oh! you need not tell me that Messrs. A. and B. are the most gracious, unassuming people in the world, and yet preëminent in the ranges of sciences I am referring to. I know that as well as you. But mark this which I am going to say once for all: If I had not force enough to project a principle full in the face of the half-dozen most obvious facts which seem to contradict it, I would think only in single file from this day forward. A rash man, once visiting a certain noted institution at South-Boston, ventured to express the sentiment, that man is a rational being. An old woman who was an attendant in the Idiot School, contradicted the statement, and appealed to the facts before the speaker to disprove it. The rash man stuck to his hasty generalization, notwithstanding.'

If there should ever be a '*Governmental School for American Novelists*' established in this country, we (being in congress at *that* time, if not before,) should cheerfully assist in assigning the presidency to the 'AUTOCRAT:' for do but hear him:

'Some of you boarders ask me from time to time why I do n't write a story, or a novel, or something of that kind. Instead of answering each one of you separately, I will thank you to step up into the wholesale department for a few moments, where I deal in answers by the piece and by the bale.

'That every articulately-speaking human being has in him stuff for *one* novel in three volumes duodecimo has long been with me a cherished belief. It has been maintained, on the other hand, that many persons cannot write more than one novel—that all after that are likely to be failures. Life is so much more tremendous a thing in its heights and depths than any transcript of it can be, that all records of human experience are as so many bound *herbaria* to the innumerable glowing, glistening, rustling, breathing, fragrance-laden, poison-sucking, life-giving, death-distilling leaves and flowers of the forest and the prairies. All we can do with books of human experience is to make them alive again with something borrowed from our own lives. We can make a book alive for us just in proportion to its resemblance in essence or in form to our own experience. Now an author's first novel is naturally drawn, to a great extent, from his personal experiences; that is, is a literal copy of nature under various slight disguises. But the moment the author gets out of his personality, he must have the creative power, as well as the narrative art and the sentiment, in order to tell a living story; and this is rare.

'Beside, there is great danger that a man's first life-story shall clean him out, so to speak, of his best thoughts. Most lives, though their stream is loaded with sand and turbid with alluvial waste, drop a few golden grains of wisdom as they flow along. Oftentimes a single *cradling* gets them all, and after that the poor man's labor is only rewarded by mud and worn pebbles. All which proves that I, as an

individual of the human family, could write one novel or story at any rate, if I would.

'Why don't I, then? Well, there are several reasons against it. In the first place, I should tell all my secrets, and I maintain that verse is the proper medium for such revelations. Rhythm and rhyme and the harmonies of musical language, the play of fancy, the fire of imagination, the flashes of passion, so hide the nakedness of a heart laid open, that hardly any confession, transfigured in the luminous halo of poetry, is reproached as self-exposure. A beauty shows herself under the chandeliers, protected by the glitter of her diamonds, with such a broad snow-drift of white arms and shoulders laid bare, that, were she unadorned and in plain calico, she would be unendurable—in the opinion of the ladies.

'Again, I am terribly afraid I should show up all my friends. I should like to know if all story-tellers do not do this? Now I am afraid all my friends would not bear showing up very well; for they have an average share of the common weakness of humanity, which I am pretty certain would come out. Of all that have told stories among us, there is hardly one I can recall that has not drawn too faithfully some living portrait that might better have been spared.'

'Before you go, this morning, I want to read you a copy of verses. You will understand by the title, that they are written in an imaginary character. I don't doubt they will fit some family-man well enough. I send it forth as 'OAK HALL' projects a coat, on *à priori* grounds of conviction that it will suit somebody. There is no loftier illustration of faith than this. It believes that a soul has been clad in flesh; that tender parents have fed and nurtured it; that its mysterious *compages* or frame-work has survived its myriad exposures, and reached the stature of maturity; that the Man, now self-determining, has given in his adhesion to the traditions and habits of the race in favor of artificial clothing; that he will, having all the world to choose from, select the very locality where this audacious generalization has been acted upon. It builds a garment cut to the pattern of an Idea, and trusts that Nature will model a material shape to fit it. There is a prophecy in every seam, and its pockets are full of inspiration. Now hear the verses:

#### 'The Old Man Dreams.

'Oh! for one hour of youthful joy!  
Give back my twentieth spring!  
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired  
boy  
Than reign a gray-beard king!

'Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!  
Away with learning's crown!  
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,  
And dash its trophies down!

'One moment let my life-blood stream  
From boyhood's fount of flame!  
Give me one giddy, reeling dream  
Of life all love and fame!

'My listening angel heard the prayer,  
And calmly smiling, said:

'If I but touch thy silvered hair,  
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

'But is there nothing in thy track  
To bid thee fondly stay,  
While the swift seasons hurry back  
To find the wished-for day?'

'Ah! truest soul of woman-kind!  
Without thee, what were life?

One bliss I cannot leave behind:  
I'll take—my—precious—wife!

'The angel took a sapphire pen,  
And wrote in rainbow dew:  
'The man would be a boy again,  
And be a husband too!'

'And is there nothing yet unsaid  
Before the change appears?  
Remember, all their gifts have fled  
With those dissolving years!'

'Why, yes; for memory would recall  
My fond paternal joys;  
I could not bear to leave them all:  
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys!

'The smiling angel dropped his pen:  
'Why, this will never do;  
The man would be a boy again,  
And be a father too!'

'And so I laughed—my laughter woke  
The household with its noise—  
And wrote my dream when morning  
broke,  
To please the gray-haired boys.'

Let your 'laborious' *rhythmic* writers, your word-mumblers, (to themselves) your 'sound-poets,' try to imitate the foregoing: let them 'make an effort.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — How could Mr. K. N. PEPPER the father of a spurious poetical progeny, who never saw his face, and possess not a tithe of his genius, keep back so long from the world the interesting fact recorded in the subjoined graphic epistle, and the 'sunnit' which they preface? Surely, it could have been for no other reason than disgust at the temerity of the puny tribe of his imitators:

'North-Demosthenes, Sept. 15, 1857.

'MR. CLARK: i supoas you doant nede to be inform that 'i stil liv,' and am part ov the firm ov PEPPER & WALTERS, delers in Domestic Hapines, and sech: if you doo, hearbi taik notis to that efec: ime a nie naber ov fren PODDS, wich livs at the 4 corns.

'i rayther giv out, in mi las pome, that mi Muse hed been set fre, and coodent be cald on at site fur no moar inspirashun: wot may astonish you, i hev rote a litle pome without consultation ov her; bein a adres to my infan Sun, now severil months and a number ov days oald, and constanly gitin oalder. ef you thine it wil do to print fur mi frens, and isent entyrelly behynd mi oald stile, plesse

'insert, and ablyge yours,

K. N. PEPPER.

'N. B.: i coodent git it al into 14 lines, (wich makes a sunnit,) so ive rote the rest into proas.

K. N. P.

'SUNNIT TO MI LITTLE SUN PETER.

'WELCUM, swete cus, to your faither's family-sercle!

Sech litle Red republicans as you

Wercs revolooshuns every wercs, 'tis true.

Taik your oan faither, now, wich rote 'The Tirkle,'

'Weelbarer,' and a few moar sech pomes:

youv maid him hapy; but youv spylt his genus.

No moar imortle Wercs! but PETE, betweene us,

i shel git up a practicle werc, on Hoams,

With cullerd cuts (youm 1) on evry shete.

ile call it PEPPER's last and graitest Aim,

(1 wich i rayther thinc is hard to bete.)

Domestic Hapines shel be the naim:

inspyred bi HANAH GANE, your nateral mother,

and rote bi your faither, onles youv got sum uther

parrent, wich aint lykely. PETER! gro up, and maik

a distinguish man — is the prar ov your

'loving faither,

K. N. PEPPER.

'N. B.: in a few yeres you will leve milk and sech, and ete mete, growin strong in boddy and honisty: peraps bein abel in tyme to wip your oald faither.'

'K. N. P.

LET your heart take in the following, reader, and then we will tell you who wrote it:

'THE true being and end of womankind is *love*; and from this, if I may so speak, all their sorrows, if they pervert that holy and heavenly passion, directly proceed. I reverence the principle of love in woman. It seems, indeed, the atmosphere in

which she lives, and moves, and has her being. The arms and wings of her spirit seem ever reaching and panting to clasp to her bosom, and brood over, some object of human affection. In the smile of her lip, in the glance of her eye, in the soft and bewildering melody of her voice, we find but the semblances and echoes of the Spirit of Love. She delights to minister to our comforts; to invest our path-way with the roses of delicate enjoyment; to lend sun-shine to the hearth, and repose to the evening hour. I have never thought upon the gentle and unobtrusive influence of woman, without feelings of the deepest admiration. *She seldom hates.* When she is wronged, she is forgiving; when destroyed, she still turns with an eye of earnest regret to that paradise of innocence from which her passions have driven her; and in solitude, by day or at evening, 'she waters her cheek in tears without measure.'

'In woman, all that is sacred and lovely seems to meet, as in its natural centre. Do we look for self-denial. See the devoted wife. For resolute affection, struggling through countless trials? Behold the lover. For that overflowing fulness of fond idolatry which gives to things of earth a devotion like that which should ascend to God? Behold the mother, at the cradle of her infant, or pillowing its drowsy eye-lid on her bosom; supremely blest to see its fair cheek rise and fall upon the white and heaving orb, where it finds nourishment and rest! *This* is woman: always loving: always beloved. Well may the poet strike his lyre in her praise; well may the warrior rush to the battle-field for her smile; well may the student trim his lamp to kindle her passionate heart, or warm her dainty imagination: she deserves them all. Last at the cross and earliest at the grave of the SAVIOUR, she teaches to those who have lived since His sufferings, the inestimable virtue of constant affection. I love to see her by the couch of sickness; sustaining the fainting head; offering to the parched lip its cordial, to the craving palate its simple nourishment; treading with noiseless assiduity around the solemn curtains, and complying with the wish of the invalid when he says:

'LET me not have this gloomy view  
About my room, about my bed:  
But blooming roses, wet with dew,  
To cool my burning brow instead.'

disposing the sun-light upon the pale forehead, bathing the hair with ointments, and letting in upon it from the summer casement the sweet breath of Heaven!' How lovely are such exhibitions of ever-during constancy and faith! — how they appeal to the soul! — like the lover in the Canticles, whose fingers, when she rose to open the door to her beloved, dropped 'with sweet-smelling myrrh upon the handles of the lock!' No man of sensibility, I take it, after battling with the perplexities of the out-door world, but retires with a feeling of refreshment to his happy fire-side: he hears with joy the lisp of the cherub urchin that climbs upon his knee, to tell him some wonderful tale about nothing, or feels with delight the soft breath of some young daughter, whose downy, peach-like cheek is glowing close to his own. I am neither a husband nor a father: but I can easily fancy the feeling of supreme pleasure which either must experience. Let us survey the world of business: what go we 'out for to see?' The reed of ambition, shaken by the breath of the multitude; cold-hearted traders and brokers, traffickers and over-reachers, anxious each to circumvent his fellow, and turn to his own purse the golden tide in which all would dabble. Look at the *homes* of most of these. There the wife waits for her husband; and while she feels that anxiety for his presence which may be called the hunger of the heart, she feeds her spirit with

the memory of his smile ; or perhaps looks with fondness upon the pledges of his affection, as they stand like olive-branches round about his table.

Twenty-two years since, the foregoing made a portion of one of the '*Ollapodiana*' papers in the KNICKERBOCKER, by WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK. Glancing over his 'Literary Remains,' for the purpose of quoting his '*Victim of a Proof-Reader*,' it struck us that we have now thousands of readers who doubtless have never seen it. Hence its reappearance in these pages, where we hope it may prove acceptable. - - - PRODUCTIONS of the African muse are, we think, too highly-colored to suit the general taste. PHILLIS WHEATLEY, once of Hartford, Connecticut, a sable poetess, wrote verses ; but whether from their extreme floridity, or from some other cause, we cannot at this moment recall a single line of them. The following, which reaches us from a friendly correspondent in Jackson, (Michigan,) is authentic : 'The facts from which the dark poetess drew her inspiration were these : Some time since, a colored convict was about to be liberated from our state-prison, and his master, from the South, was anxiously waiting for him outside the walls. The convict's time expired at twelve o'clock at night. He was liberated ; but from the harmonious character of his complexion with the 'black and dark night,' he escaped. A sable poetess hereabout, to 'immortalize' the event, wrote the inclosed verses, printed copies of which were retailed in this city, at one dime a-piece. The 'MR. LIVERMORE' referred to, was at the time prosecuting attorney, and the master had consulted him in regard to the re-taking of the 'cullor'd pusson.' Perhaps the subjoined, as a 'specimen-brick,' will suffice :

'We never shall forget that day,  
We never shall forget that day,  
We never shall forget that day,  
When the people set poor REUBEN free ;  
So free, so free, so free, so free,  
We tell you now, as we told you before,  
He has landed safe in Canada.

'The slave-holders think they'r very smart,  
The slave-holders think they'r very smart,  
The slave-holders think they are smart  
men :  
But they can't come to tea  
With our darkey men so free,  
So free, so free, so free, so free,  
He spent his money very free,  
To help to set that prisoner free.

'They thought he'd catch him at the gate,  
They thought he'd catch him at the gate,  
They thought he'd catch him at the gate,

And waited there till half-past-eight,  
So free, so free, so free, so free :  
Thanks to people in this town,  
Who help'd to set poor REUBEN free.  
He watched the prison night and day,  
He watched the prison night and day,  
He watched the prison night and day,  
So sadly did his aim.

'We thank the people o're and o're,  
We would n't give a snap for LIVER-  
MORE,  
So free, so free, so free, so free :  
The slave-holders think they'r very smart,  
But they can't come to tea with our darkey  
men.  
He took his blood-hounds by the back,  
He took his blood-hounds by the back,  
He took his blood-hounds by the back,  
Saying, 'Blast it, you have lost the  
track !'

This is a fine, easy, flowing style of verse for a colored poet — 'so free, so free, so free, so free !' - - - A DESULTORY glance over the pages of the '*North American Review*,' for the January quarter, assures us that it is an excellent one. Designing to speak of it hereafter, we shall only so far refer to it now, as to express our renewed convictions of the truths which it utters in relation to the popular London divine, the often eloquent SPURGEON. The subjoined so fully confirms, as our readers will perceive, our own expressed opinions, that we cannot resist the inclination to quote it. The passage concludes the review to which we have alluded :



'We have thus aimed to record our honest opinion, without prejudice, concerning this young man, who is attracting to himself, both in England and in our own country, so much attention. We have felt called upon to do this the more, from the *indiscriminateness* of the praise which has been bestowed upon his works. They have their excellences. *The directness, simplicity, and fervor of the style, the richness and variety of the illustrations, the unfaltering vivacity, the frequent and often striking Scriptural quotations*—these are qualities which are worthy of being imitated, and which we should rejoice to see more prominent in the American pulpit. But, unfortunately, the defects to which we have referred are more easily imitated, and are therefore more likely to be reproduced among us. It would require neither great talents nor much study to copy the intensity of language, the fearfulness of denunciation, and the freedom with the name of God which is used in these sermons. It is in these regards, therefore, that we have felt called to record our opinion.'

A very just discrimination. - - - 'Is not the inclosed editorial,' writes a friendly correspondent from Columbia, (Tenn.) 'taken from the Jackson (Tenn.) *'Madisonian,'* (now, alas! no more,) *nearly* equal to that in a late number of the KNICKERBOCKER, taken from a Broome-county journal?' Upon the whole, we do not know but we must answer in the affirmative: both, however, are excruciatingly fine. Our present extract must be short:

'WHAT a glorious confederacy we live in, and how proud we should be of the essentials which make us the greatest people beneath the canopy of heaven's wide domain! Let us for one moment take a retrospective view of the past; the contaminated evils introduced by egotists, and the entire annihilation of the same by the PEOPLE in their power, it is an inducement to give every true lover of his country an enthusiastic impulse to yield to nothing that savors of inconsistency. The egotistical meanderings of monomaniacs in fusion-form, has caused the true admirers of the Union to enthusiastically rally around the mementoes bequeathed to them by their Fathers. We should be proud in our present enviable category, for having shaken off all allegiance to any thing the least tinged with anarchy, deception and 'secrecy:' we stand before the world and heaven as the beacon-light—a bright and gorgeous star, whose rays shed a benign influence over the whole universe.

'To the deep and poignant regret of all conservative devotees, the weaker sons of the Fathers have introduced a combination of non-essentials, concocted for the avowed purpose of deterring the Republican in the discharge of his imperative duty. A dynasty has been established, and men, disregarding the primitive injunctions instituted by the pioneers of Liberty, have run into inconsistencies the most horrible, setting at defiance the great teachings of a WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, and other patriots who sought the perpetuity of the right, and the wrong condemned. We allude to those who have demolished within themselves the prime essentials which bind together the ingredients that demands from every Freeman's hand, that legitimate protection so incumbent upon every man who venerates his or their ancestors, as the case may be. The wild and mysterious hyperbolical phantasm of enthusiasts would create a furor and stampede, run riot over the safe-guard of American liberty—the constitution—stab to the very vitals the great incentives which clustered around the spot that gave birth to the mighty instrument, mock their primitive fathers and mothers, sing the requiem to the death-knell of Liberty, and gormandize over the destruction of the confederacy.'

How sublimely comprehensive! - - - A 'SUCKER' sends us the following account of an occurrence which took place at Snatchwine (Ill.) not long ago. A jackass, valued at four hundred dollars, belonging to a Mr. BACON, was discovered by the engineer to be on the track, only a short distance ahead of the train. All steam was put on to make the concussion as slight as possible: the jackass running straight ahead, instead of being crushed to pieces, was caught on the cow-catcher, and carried some distance before the engineer could slacken the train enough to allow him to creep forward and push him off. He rolled down an embankment some twenty feet, when a neighbor, observing what had happened, came over to see how things were: and strange to say, he found the

jackass alive, raised him up, and drove him home, a half-mile distant. He was very stiff for about a week, and his chops were swelled so badly that he could not bray. Poor fellow! did n't he have an awful ride? The thing could not be done again in a thousand times trying. The rail-road agent came next day to pay for the animal, but found him 'alive and kicking,' but a 'sadder and a wiser' jackass. - - - Ah, ha! — our respected contemporary, *Russell's Charleston Magazine*, begins to have some 'experiences.' 'There are some special annoyances,' it admits, 'connected with the profession of a Magazine-Editor: ' two or three of which are thus cited:

'Among such as affect the Magazine-Editor, we would mention the reception of voluminous unsolicited contributions of all degrees of stupidity, which he is not only expected carefully to read, but (if he be blind enough to reject them) duly to send back to their accomplished authors, by return mail — of course paying the postage, which is sometimes enormous, out of his own purse!

'If he refuses, or is unable to do this, he is sure to receive, in the course of a week, any number of abusive letters, almost invariably ending with a pretty broad hint that he (the Editor) has mistaken his vocation, and that having failed to appreciate the profound essay of Mr. B., or the beautiful poem by Miss C., he had better vacate his post at once, and go to his proper business, which most likely is the raising of oxen and sheep, or the cultivation of roots of Baga!

'Another annoyance, and one not so endurable, results from mis-information as to the real ability of writers, who, having somehow gained a literary reputation, the Editor feels it incumbent upon him to secure, if possible, as regular collaborators.

'From one of this class an article is solicited, and in due time received. With the happy conviction that he is about to be instructed, interested, or vastly amused, the Editor complacently turns over the pages of the new essay, or treatise, or criticism, or biography, and is astonished to discover before he has proceeded a dozen pages, either that the performance is utterly worthless, and, therefore, inadmissible, or that in order to be brought to the condition of passing muster, it must be subjected to a process of pruning and weeding, whereby it shall be reduced to one-fourth of the original bulk!

'With much pain and labor the Editor accomplishes this very necessary task. At length the essay (or whatever it may be) assumes a presentable, perhaps even a creditable shape. It is printed and becomes popular, but in the midst of a score of favorable criticisms — criticisms which, had the article appeared as *originally* written, would have damned with faint praise, or dealt in the sting of well-merited ridicule; a communication from the incensed author is tossed, like a bomb-shell, into the editorial sanctum, which, the moment the seal is removed, bursts into an explosive volley of harsh epithets, bitter reproaches, and angry innuendos, to the effect that the Editor (possibly in a spirit of envy unparalleled in meanness) has stooped to deform and mutilate a paper which would otherwise have thrown his own literary pretensions wholly in the shade!

Wait, brother-Editor, until you have had twenty-five years' 'experience, and *then* see what you will say. But you have hit the mark exactly, even now. - - - An esteemed correspondent, who does n't know we know him, and his, writes us from San-Francisco: 'I happened not long since to be a passenger in the stage which runs daily from San-Francisco to San-José. Just as we were leaving the suburbs of the city, the stage, already tolerably crowded, stopped to take in another passenger. This proved to be an Irish woman: her breath redolent with the second-hand perfumes of bad rum, and unfortunately for me, the only vacant place was next myself. After turning several times to look me in the face, and give me the full benefit of her morning potatoes, she asked: 'Are you the young man that came out in the same ship with JIMMY MAC DUFFIE?' Surprised by the question, and not quite sure that I understood the name, I requested her to repeat it. She did so, with the additional information that the ship stopped at Mazatlan. I replied that I was quite sure I had never met Mr. MAC DUFFIE. Whereupon she added: 'I thought if you

was n't him, perhaps you might know where he was: he was sick, the last time we heard from him.' You can almost hear the brogue. Her reasoning reminds me of another question, actually asked me in West-Tennessee. A citizen of that benighted section of the country, (I speak of it as it was eight years ago,) hearing that I had lived in New-York, asked me if I was acquainted with 'BOB ADAMS!' I replied that I did not think I had ever met the ADAMS he referred to. 'Oh!' said he, 'you must have met him: he has been driving a wagon into the city every day this twenty years!' - - - In a very interesting biography of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, by Miss MARY COWDEN CLARKE, we are glad to find this paragraph: 'Inexpressibly delightful is the intimation that Miss NIGHTINGALE gives token of being 'gifted with a lively sense of the ridiculous.' Possessing the exquisite perception of the pathetic in existence which her whole career proclaims her to have, it would have been a defect in her nature, nay, a lack of the complete feeling for pathos itself, had she not betrayed a capacity for receiving humorous impressions. Humor and pathos are so nearly allied, in their source within the human heart, so mingled in those recesses whence spring human tears at the touch of sympathy, that scarcely any being deeply affected by mournful emotion, can remain insensible to the keen appeal that resides in a ludicrous idea.' - - - 'I WISH,' writes a city correspondent, 'that you would quote that '*Victim of a Proof-Reader*,' by OLLAPOD, to which you referred in your last, in introducing the 'Breakfast-Table Autocrat's 'emended' lines. I have never seen it. If you do not wish to publish the article, please state in what number of the KNICKERBOCKER I can find it.' It was published twenty-three years ago, and here is the essential portion of it:

'UNFORTUNATELY, typical mutations in published mss. have come down to the present day. Not many moons since, I was called upon by a small and humble-looking person, in green spectacles, behind which there rolled two enormous gray eyes. He said he was a man of many occupations, and sometimes dabbled in literature. He had thoughts of buying some western lands, if any one would credit him for six years, and in that way make his fortune. A friend in Texas had also assured him that he could get some lots there on the same terms. In these enterprises he wished me to join him. But first, and before showing me some poetry, which had been spoilt in the publication, he wished me to loan him a dollar, and accept his note to that amount, 'with sixty days to run.' A humorous thought struck me, and I chose the latter, with the direction that he should try it for discount at the United States' Bank. The next day I received a carefully-written 'business letter' from him, which (after promising to call on me in an hour after I received it) contained the ensuing:

'December 17.

'MY DEAR SIR: I have had an interview with Mr. BIDDLE, and truly lament my inability to communicate satisfactory results. I fear that until the resolution of the Senator from Ohio, in regard to the repeal of the Treasury order, is finally disposed of, the trading interests will materially suffer.

'The Board of Directors, however, have some reason to indulge in the pleasing hope, that a small keg of ten-cent-pieces will arrive from Tinnicum, some time during the ensuing week; in which case, the president has promised to exert his influence in my behalf on the next discount-day.

'If we should be successful in ultimately elevating the breeze (raising the wind) on my promissory note, we can proceed without delay to our contemplated acquisitions in Michilimackinac lands, and Texas scrip. Your obedient friend,

'ZEBEDEE FUSST.'

'He was with me, almost before I had read his letter. 'Ah!' said he, 'reading my scroll, I see. Funny circumstance. But never mind. You make pieces sometimes for the KNICKERBOCKER, do n't you?—apt kind o' pieces, that come out of your head? I borrow that there periodical, sometimes, of a friend, and I seen a piece-t there about a man who was the 'Victim of a Proof-Reader.' I am one of that class. Two years ago I was in love. I was *jilted*. Hang details: the up-shot is the main thing. Well, I had tried the young lady, and found her wanting; and I thought I would quote a line of Scripture onto her, as a motto for some bitter and reproachful verses.' So, holding a manuscript in one hand high up, and placing the other arm a-kimbo, he read as follows:

"To One Found Wanting.

'MENE, MENE, TEKEL UPHARSIN!'—SCRIPTURE.

"Thou art no more, what once I knew  
Thy heart and guileless tongue to be;  
Thou art no longer pure and true,  
Nor fond, to one who knelt to thee;  
Who knelt, and deemed thee all his own,  
Nor knew a dearer wish beside;  
Who made his trembling passion known,  
And looked to own thee for a bride.

"What is the vow that once I heard  
From those balm-breathing lips of thine?  
Broken, ah! broken, word by word,  
E'en while I worshipped at thy shrine!  
Broken by thee, to whom I bowed,  
As bends the wind-flower to the breeze,  
As bent the Chaldean, through the cloud,  
To Orion and the Pleiades.

"But thou art lost! and I no more  
Must drink thy undecieving glance;  
Our thousand fondling spells are o'er;  
Our raptured moments in the dance.  
Vanished, like dew-drops from the spray  
Are moments which in beauty flew;  
I cast life's brightest pearl away,  
And, false one, breathe my last adieu!"

'Here he stopped, his gray eyes rolling in a wild frenzy, and drew a newspaper from his breeches pocket. 'Sir,' said he, striking an attitude, 'I sent them verses for to be printed into the *'Literary Steam-boat and General Western Alligator.'* It is a paper, Sir, with immense circulation. A column in it, to be read by the boatmen and raftsmen of the west, is immortality. I say nothing. Just see how my effusion was butchered. I can't read it.' I took the paper, a little yellow six-by-eight folio, and read thus:

"To One, Found Wanting.

'MERE, MERE, TREACLE, O'SARTAIN!'—SCULPTURE.

"Thou hast no means, at once to slew  
Thy beasts, and girdless tongues to tree;  
Thou hast no l'argent, pure and true,  
Nor feed, for one who knelt to thee;  
Who knelt, and dreamed thy all his own,  
Nor knew a drearer wish betidle,  
Who maid his tumbling parsnips known,  
And looked to arm thee for a bridle!

“What is the row? what once I heard  
 From those brow-beating lumps of thine?  
 Brokers! oh, brokers! one by one,  
 E'en while I worshipped at thy shine!  
 Broker by three! to whom I lowed,  
 As lends the wind-flaw to the tries,  
 As burst the chaldron thro' the clod,  
 To Onions, and the fleas as dies!

“But thou art lost! and I no more  
 Mus dirk thy undeceiving glance;  
 One thous & friendly squills are o'er,  
 Our ruptured moments in the dance!  
 Varnished, like dew-drops from the sprag,  
 Are moments which in business flew!  
 I cut life's brightest peal a-wag,  
 And, false one, break my bust—a dieu!”

‘On breaking into a loud laugh at the utter stupidity of this typical metamorphosis, I found that the stranger grew red in the face. He snatched the paper from my hand, and disappeared, making his bow as he retired.’

And that was ‘the last of *him*!’ - - - PROFESSOR ADAM SYGHTÉ, T — B —, and ‘the lave’ of our ‘Vishing Gompanie’ in the ‘Tract of IOHN BROWN,’ take your eyes and throw them over the ensuing sentences, all the way from Prairie du Chien, which record ‘*A Night's Fish-Spearing on the Mississippi.*’ The description is ‘considerable’ graphic:

‘DURING one of my first visits to the Upper Mississippi, I noticed boats with fires perched upon their bows, gliding over its waters, like spectres, on still, calm evenings. On inquiry, I found that they were used for spearing fish! The boats had a very picturesque effect, the light reflecting on the occupants, some standing with spears clenched in their hands, their countenances gleaming with excitement, gazing into the darkness before them: the fire shedding over them its red glare and smoke, gave them the appearance of CHARON and his companions crossing the river Styx. Two friends who were with me, myself included, having a desire to try our skill with the spear, soon found means of gratifying it. It was a dark, cloudy night, when we, having obtained the right kind of a boat, one that would sit steadily upon the water, and of good dimensions, and a ‘*Jack*,’ which is a kind of grate set upon the top of a post three or four feet in height on the bow of the boat, on which a fire is built with dry pine sticks, and is made to burn more brightly by an occasional sprinkle of rosin upon it: and stowing in our boat a quarter of a cord of pine wood to ‘fire up’ with, we took our departure. We had a jolly old steersman, of a size and proportion fit to do justice to any aldermanic chair, who could steer a boat to the nicety of a hair. He hinted, that on account of the prevalence of the ague, a wee drop of ‘Old Rye’ would be an article which prudence and his throat called upon us to take along; according to his suggestion we obtained a bottle of dew-drop.

‘Like balmy airs of sunny South  
 It brightens every scene!’

We pulled up the Mississippi several miles, close in shore to avoid the current. The bluffs rose almost immediately from our boat to the height of several hundred feet, perpendicularly, and seemed ready to precipitate themselves upon us at any moment. As the fish are found in the ‘sloughs’ and lakes making out from the Mississippi, we crossed the river at a point which our guide thought would bring

us to the mouth of 'Greenleaf Slough;' but as it had been some time since he had been in that vicinity, he missed it by a mile or more. We found it, however, at last: its mouth was very narrow, with a strong current setting in at right angles with the river. It appeared like entering a dense forest: the trees, which grow large and luxuriantly on the islands and 'bottoms' of the Mississippi, hung over from either side, meeting in the centre, and excluding what little light Night had left us. When we lighted our fire on the 'jack,' the effect was truly strange and beautiful!

'We had just got well into the excitement of spearing, having in our boat three or four 'Buffalo,' which would weigh twenty or thirty pounds each, and I having received a severe wound in my leg from a spear in the hands of one of my fellow-fishermen who was endeavoring to disengage an enormous 'Buffalo' from it; when we found farther progress by water barred by a mass of huge trees and roots, which had found lodgment across the 'slough.' We had either to return or to drag our boat over this 'Red-river raft.' We determined not to be baffled by any obstacle. After a short counsel of war, we placed our 'jack' upon the banks, and put our shoulders to the boat, which was very large and heavy. After a good half-hour's work, we succeeded in getting again afloat: but we were destined to still farther disappointment; for in less than ten minutes we came on to another raft, much more formidable than the first. The huge trunks and roots were piled up for the space of eight or ten rods to the height of six or eight feet in every conceivable shape and form. As we expected to return by the same route we came, this at first determined our return; but, after exploring beyond the raft and finding no more obstructions; knowing that by following the current we should again come into the Mississippi, unless the water sunk in the sand, we concluded to keep on. Most of us succeeded, before overcoming this raft, in getting into the water; but we laughed at our mishaps, took a sip of the 'dew-drop,' and pushed on. We found the fish plenty—the sport fine! It requires considerable practice to handle the spear with dexterity; and even then, more fish are lost than saved. They have generally to be struck while swimming rapidly, the boat being all the time in motion, slowly paddled by the steersman.

'About mid-night we found the water growing very shallow, and the boat grounded several times. We had been going all the time in a direction away from our point of departure, and were fearful that we should have to retrace our course, but the water became suddenly deeper; we emerged into a lake, and again entered another 'slough,' which changed our direction. Thus we floated on through lake and winding strait, the silence only broken by the projected spear or struggles of the captured game.

'About three o'clock A.M., we again found ourselves on the Mississippi a mile or two below our lodgings, where we arrived with our boat loaded with pike, pickerel, bass, sturgeon, sheep's-head, 'buffalo,' etc. Our inner man calling for something to appease the Night's fasting, we proceeded to discuss a few delicate animals of the genus *Oyster*, species Cove, the only species well and favorably known in this section of the country.'

Perhaps we may, some time or other, accept 'WAKEZEN's' hospitable offer. He is right: we *do* 'love to fish.' - - - WE propose to remark—nor are we to be deterred from doing so, because Mr. GRAY chances to be connected with this Magazine—that he has, in our judgment, the best-appointed, most extensive, and best-managed printing-office in the United States. Examine the



present number of the KNICKERBOCKER, scarcely a tithe of his multitudinous work. Does it not satisfy the eye? — does it not ‘tell the story?’ The celerity of the establishment is wonderful. At a latish period of the month, we came to town to finish off the number: and lo! all seemed ‘backward in coming forward,’ by reason of the type-founder’s delay in finishing off our new dress. ‘It will be all right,’ said Mr. GRAY: ‘come to-morrow noon.’ We came: and there were the corrected proof-sheets, all ready for ‘make-up;’ read as only *our* proof-reader can read: all ready, with our almost unnecessary revision, for the stereotyper’s chaldron. Now of these things we believe that it becomes us, in gratitude, somewhat to ‘glory.’ - - - ‘THE fact,’ says the ‘*Tribune*,’ amusingly, ‘that Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS has appeared in an American theatre in a comedy in which he had not already won distinction on the London boards, but which play was written in America especially for him, will probably be a matter of some surprise to not a few of his London admirers, many of whom, we understand, look upon New-Yorkers as a sort of semi-civilized savages, who subsist upon the meat of the bears and buffaloes they slay in the immediate suburbs of the city, and who barter the skins of these valuable animals for admission tickets to the theatre. Whatever stories Mr. MATHEWS on his return may have to tell of the aborigines he has so fearlessly encountered, he will at least be able to inform his friends that certain ones of ‘y<sup>e</sup> savages’ have acquired a considerable facility in play-writing, and that in America has been written a comedy in which it is no condescension for the ‘first light comedian in England’ to go through his professional paces.’ - - - THERE is a vein of originality pervading the annexed lines, which will transfix the attention of all lovers of the sublime and mystic in poetry:

‘Rise, JUPITER, with emerald hair,  
And wake the snakes of Thessaly;  
Who does not know that pan-cakes are  
Devoured subjectively — and why?

‘Wise sages, of the olden time,  
With introverted vision look;  
But ah! a flip is not a dime,  
And for mixed ‘snifters’ can’t be took.

‘Go, lovers of the sacred Styx,  
And grind your laughter into tears;  
While plaintive melody of bricks  
Floats through the silence of the years.

‘Ye cannot count me as I run;  
I play with stars at pitch and toss;  
I am the uncle of the sun,  
Half alligator and half hoss.’

‘Do you take the idea?’ - - - THE late lamented JOHN WILSON, the celebrated Scottish vocalist, who was as excellent a MAN as he was a singer, used to narrate a circumstance which will remind ‘S. G. M.’ of the subject-matter of his communication to the ERROR, which we may say in passing, awaits future publication: ‘One pleasant Sunday in Glasgow,’ said he one night in the sanctum, ‘a stalwart Highland-man entered a drug-store, or apothecary’s shop, and said: ‘Have ye any spirits, or alcohol? All the shops are closed, and I canna get a quai gh o’ Glenlivat or Islay: I am sair thirsty. Canna ye gie me a wee drap o’ ‘somethin’ warmin’?’ It really seemed a hard case: and the good-hearted apothecary helped him to what he supposed to be an uncommonly stiff horn of pure spirits, or alcohol. The man drank it off; gave him one wild look; spread his two hands suddenly over the abdominal portion of his person, and immediately vacated the premises. The apothecary was startled: ‘What was the matter with the man?’ He took down the vessel

from which he had poured the devouring fluid, and found that he had given the man, by mistake, a bumper of aqua-fortis! He was frightened half to death! The man had left his hat behind him, and the apothecary, bare-headed, rushed out with it in his hand, his hair flying in the wind, and 'made hot-pursuit' after the fugitive. But he was hopelessly gone. What a life of anxiety the poor fellow lived for some three months! He was afraid to open the daily newspapers, lest he should see recorded the mysterious and melancholy death of his victim in the public streets. At length, however, his fears died away. Nothing was heard from the missing sufferer, until six months after the awful event: when, one pleasant Sunday morning, who should walk into his shop, but the 'dientical' individual himself! 'Have you got,' said he, to the astounded apothecary, '*have* you got any more of that liquor you sold me the last time I was here? If you have, give me a horn. I never tasted any thing *like* it. It went right to the spot! Why, it lasted me a fortnight. No reduction about *that* fluid!' But the apothecary contented himself *this* time, by giving his returned customer a glass of pure spirits, as being by much the safer drink of the two.' - - - A WESTERN correspondent, who avows himself to have been incited to exertion by the success of the 'Hen-Persuader,' has invented a '*Mortar-and-Plaster-Mixing Machine*,' which, we think, must 'come into general use.' It is very simple: so are all great inventions. The plan, briefly stated, is as follows: 'First: procure a common mortar-bed; put in the component parts, such as are generally used; then add a little corn, the quantity of which is to be graduated by the quantity of mortar or plaster to be made. Then turn in a few swine; and by the time the corn is gone, the mortar will be ready for use. In making plaster, the swine should stay in over night, to allow time for removing the hair, which the lime will accomplish: thus saving the expense of purchasing that article. The swine can then be removed and slaughtered, without the expense of scraping: thus, together with the labor of mixing, saving at least one-third the cost of the old plan.' How this may strike sculptors, masons, lath-and-plasterers, and others interested in plaster, mortar, etc., we of course cannot say: but to us, the invention seems quite a feasible one. At all events, the materials for an experiment are very accessible and cheap. We can't tell, 'to a hog,' the precise swine-population of our Union; but we shall, we think, be safe in asserting, on the authority of the last census, that 'the number is large, and rapidly increasing.' But to us, the whole subject is a bore. - - - THE little fragment which ensues narrates an actual occurrence. We know not who is the author, but the lines are very beautiful:

'PRAY,' said a mother to her dying child:  
 'Pray:' and in token of assent, he smiled.  
 Most willing was the spirit, but so weak  
 The failing frame that he could hardly speak.  
 At length he cried: 'Dear mother, in God's book  
 Is it not written, Unto Jesus look?  
*I can look up; I have no strength for prayer.*  
 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved,' is there.'  
 'It is, my child, it is: thus saith the Lord,  
 And we may confidently trust His word.'  
*Her son looked up—to Jesus raised his eyes,*  
 And flew, a happy spirit, to the skies.'

DR. LIVINGSTONE, in the exceedingly interesting volume elsewhere noticed in the present number, '*Travels and Researches in South-Africa*,' gives the following illustration of the strong love of offspring implanted in the breasts of African women :

'My knowledge in the line of obstetrics procured for me great fame in a department in which I could lay no claim to merit. A woman came a distance of one hundred miles for relief in a complaint which seemed to have baffled the native doctors ; a complete cure was the result. Some twelve months after she returned to her husband, she bore a son. Her husband having previously reproached her for being barren, she sent me a handsome present, and proclaimed all over the country that I possessed a medicine for the cure of sterility. The consequence was, that I was teased with applications from husbands and wives from all parts of the country. Some came upward of two hundred miles to purchase the great boon, and it was in vain for me to explain that I had only cured the disease of the other case. The more I denied, the higher their offers rose ; they would give any money for the 'child medicine ;' and it was really heart-rending to hear the earnest entreaty, and see the tearful eye, which spoke the intense desire for offspring : 'I am getting old ; you see gray hairs here and there on my head, and I have no child ; you know how Bechuana husbands cast their old wives away ; what can I do ? I have no child to bring water to me when I am sick,' etc.'

A touching incident. - - - Mr. TROW has not been so thoughtful as to send us a copy of our old friend *Dr. Francis's Discourse before the New-York Historical Society* : but we have read very good reports of it in the daily journals ; and we take great pleasure in fully indorsing the following well-expressed opinion of the same : 'The City of New-York is fortunate in the possession of such an enthusiastic antiquary and honest chronicler as the author of this Discourse. Dr. FRANCIS is himself part and parcel of the Island of Manhattan : a native of its soil, he has always been identified with its interests : conversant with the lights and shadows of its society in the most various relations, he has watched its progress with a singularly observant eye : familiar with its most remarkable celebrities both in public and private life, he has stored his memory with a rich fund of personal anecdote : and with his great mental activity, his genial hilarity, and his wonderful copiousness of expression, he is admirably fitted for the task of recalling the events of the olden time, and presenting them to the living generation with a freshness scarcely diminished by the lapse of years.' - - - The following touching account of '*Old Grimes' Last Gasp*' we are assured is entirely 'founded : ' 'After remaining some fifteen, perhaps sixteen, minutes in that sweet, placid, half-unconscious state, which is the gently 'inclined plane' of dissolution, 'that good old man' slowly lifted his filmy lids. With a fluttering hope, that was still half-despair, I watched the electric kindling of the old intelligence far down in the cold, vacuous depths of those beloved eyes, where once retributive lightning and healing benison, the lion and the lamb of his nature, had lain together. Suddenly the lips moved : I bent eagerly forward as the ghost of that voice, once so orotund and majestic, murmured brokenly : 'What — kind — of — a — panic is this, which is — disturb — ing the — country ?' I could only shake my head in sorrowful incomprehension, for grief

had bereft me of voice. The old eyes were irradiate once more; a palpitating fire seemed to possess them, as half-rising, and with a victorious wave of the arm, he shouted: 'A TIN-PANIC!' The jaw fell; there was a gurgle in the throat; and—'we ne'er shall see him more.' - - - ALL communications connected with the *Business Department* of the KNICKERBOCKER should be addressed to JOHN A. GRAY, office of the Magazine, Nos. 16 and 18 Jacob-street. All articles designed for the KNICKERBOCKER; all literary inquiries; all new books and publications, should be addressed to 'LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, Editor KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, Nos. 16 and 18 Jacob-street, New-York.' Please remember these directions. - - - THE '*Albion*' weekly journal's engraving for this year is in every way a superb one. It is a representation of '*Dr. Kane at the Grave of Franklin's Men.*' This print has been excellently engraved in line by Mr. D. G. THOMPSON, after a drawing by Mr. WANDESFADE, of this city, who has lavished not less thought and feeling upon the illustration of a most touching incident in the career of a true American hero than he displayed last year in the commemoration of the noblest of English heroines. That simplicity which is the finest charm of Mr. WANDESFADE's picture of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE presides in the disposition and design of the present work. The peaceful ALEXANDER of the Arctic world stands 'at the crest of the isthmus,' in the midst of a 'sterile uniformity of snow and slate.' Great cliffs lower behind him; the distance shows his little vessel motionless in the ice; at his feet are the rude head-boards of those 'three graves,' the first and ominous traces of the abode of the objects of his search, which were revealed to this gallant young missionary of national sympathy and scientific brotherhood. The atmosphere of the scene is caught with artistic truth, and appeals at once to the imagination and the heart. Our neighbors could not have hit upon a more felicitous subject. Never were the flags of England and America united in a truer union—never did the pride and the sorrow of two great nations blend in a more harmonious tribute to the noblest qualities that dignify our common nature, than in the story of the fates of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN and ELISHA KANE. In contributing to so many American and English homes two such pictures as those of 'FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE' and its companion of the present year, the managers of the *Albion* have preached a very eloquent sermon of the true grounds of international intercourse, and have done renewed good service to that cause of common-sense and good feeling, which we are happy to say that they habitually serve with as much of tact as of talent. A well-deserved tribute. - - - '*Reigo, or the Spanish Martyr*,' is the title of a 'Tragedy in Five Acts,' which has been sent to us from a Richmond (Va.) press. May we say now, what we have often desired to say, but never *have* said, we believe, in these pages, that while we not unfrequently repair with pleasure to the theatre, to hear a new play *performed*, we seldom *read* one, in print or in manuscript: and we have been sorely tried in both these regards. We have heard good plays *read*; short, terse, epigrammatic, and sparkling, which *bit*, because the writer knew his aims, and his 'telling points:' but to *read* a play—well, simply, as Mr. MACREADY would say, we-ah can-ah not-ah *do it-ah!* Doubtless '*Reigo*' is a good and an effective play: but, 'by the mass, we cannot tell.' - - - WE observe that Mr. STAN-

FORD, of the long-established firm of 'STANFORD AND SWORDS,' has associated with himself Mr. DELISSER, late of LEAVITT, DELISSER AND COMPANY. As a *Church-Bookstore*, there is no such establishment as this in America. *All* church-publications are here to be obtained; all at the earliest period, and all of the best. The variety and excellence of their prayer-books have alone made the 'institution' famous throughout the United States. - - - '*Spiritual Manifestations Spiritually Considered*,' will not 'do,' Mr. 'S. P.' The article is '*Bosh*,' in the crude state. Its 'reasoning' is humbugeous — its style execrable, to the last degree: 'It is pretty impossible for to communicate to others, those ideas whereof we ourselves are not possessed of: because in so doing we are apt to imbibe errors which it is pretty impossible for us for to eradicate ourselves therefrom.' It is indeed! - - - 'A SUBSCRIBER' in Jacksonville, Florida, sends us the original of the annexed response to a challenge. It is a rich burlesque: 'Knowing that you like fun from every quarter, I inclose the original documents of an 'affair of honor' which was to come off between two 'Crackers.' You will see that the whole story is told, although with a little indifference to 'WEBSTER.' I am happy to add that both parties are still at large, and probably will be:'

'T R A N S L A T I O N .

'NOTICE:

'November 2, 1857.

'MANDARIN: MR. J. G. HAGIN challenged me on the fifth day of October last for to fight him from a spirt-gun up, and wished a time appointed, and I did so, and come to meet him; but he has failed fire. Now I pronounce him a coward, and not worth a dog's notice, much more a man's notice. GEORGE A. PETTY.'

Isn't that a rich 'cartel?' - - - Do us the kindness to run your eye over the '*Lessons of Crime, or Passages from the Life of an American Expert*.' That is ours. It will be better as it goes on. Hon. Chief-Justice REPFIELD, of Vermont, in an article in the KNICKERBOCKER, describing a visit which he paid to BURROUGHS at Three Rivers, in Canada, just before his death, put the idea into our head to present this synopsis of the 'gifted' criminal's career. It was long before we could get the book: it could not be obtained in this metropolis any where: and it was four months after we had advertised it in these pages before we obtained it, through the kindness of an esteemed friend and correspondent, from BURNHAM's bibliopolical *omnium-gatherum* in Boston. - - - WE consider the following passage, by a celebrated Scottish divine, as one of the most remarkable specimens of condensation which we have ever encountered: 'The world we inhabit must have had an origin; that origin must have consisted in a cause; that cause must have been intelligent; that intelligence must have been efficient; that efficiency must have been ultimate; that ultimate power must have been supreme; and that which always was, and is supreme, we know by the name of God!' Who was the 'divine' alluded to?' - - - THE subjoined reaches the sanctum from 'Naperville, Illinois:'

'EDITOR OF KNICKERBOCKER:

'SIR: It has been frequently insinuated by Eastern newspapers and magazines, that the West has produced no great poet. As a native of the 'Sucker'

State, I have been greatly annoyed by such misrepresentations: for I have felt that they were decidedly injurious to our rising literary reputation. Having long had an eye out for some good opportunity to repel the base imputation, I rejoice in being able at last to inclose to you for publication a *Poem*—yes, Sir, a genuine, original *Poem*—positively written by a young gentleman of this State, not longer ago than last summer.

'As an elaborate piece of metrical composition, our critics pronounce it the 'net purport and upshot' of all that is to be admired in the art poetic. In submitting it to you, I only ask your fair and impartial judgment in its favor, at the same time urging you to remember that Illinois is a young State; that although she is the mother of a large and prosperous family, yet, strange as it may appear, every mother's son of them contrives to 'draw his sustenance from Nature's founts;' in fact, we are all 'Suckers.'

'Now for the *Poem*. It was written to compete for a prize, which was offered for the best valedictory, and entitled

"Farewell Lines:

"TO BE SPOKEN AT CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

"Proud am I of my Teacher and the Studis we persue  
And next to these I cherish most is our plesent School  
Whose ensign for one half a year as ever ben unfurled  
Though other schools have vanished and Forgotten by the World.

"Our Teacher comenced this 4th of October last  
And preformed his labors faithful with the best of Success  
For he is all-wais redy to remove all obstacles and Snares  
And make our task a plesure insted of sorrow and Dispaire.

"Hopeless our tasks, had we alone against 'arshness there stood  
As well we might atempt to turn the misisipis flood  
But with our teachers timely Aid in the time of Need  
Enabled us to cast them of as fethers in a Breeze.

"Then all Honor to my Teacher and my Schoolmates to  
You have proved your Selves Worthy all honor is due to you  
I feel my Hart to wildly Stird and more I can not say  
Another sun, and I shall be far from you away.

"I have parted oft from Friends and kins and those that I knue  
Nor deamed it aught but childishness if tears bedimnd my view  
But the feelings that my bosom swells are some thing Gnuie to me  
As I see the time draw near my friends when I mus Part from you

"But we must part my pathway leads far different from yourn  
Honor and fame yourn lead you to I now not ware lead mine  
But oft Shal I look back, what ever may befall  
To the Time wen I part from this pleasant School.

"I wish you all all life can give alas! that it ware more  
For who on earth when life is past as nothing to Deplore  
But may its Best Blessings ever be thine for non deserve so well  
As my teacher who allas I now must say *farewel*."

'You will please understand that the glory of this production is not to be shared by the West as a whole, but belongs to Illinois '*ganz und gar*.'